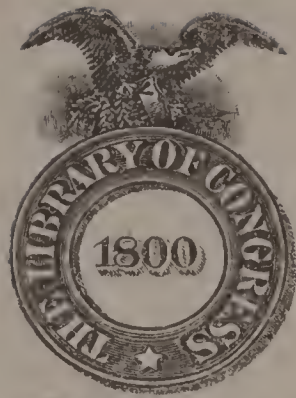


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A BOOK OF
HISTORICAL
POEMS



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A BOOK OF
HISTORICAL POEMS

*Compiled and
Edited by*

WILLIAM R. BOWLIN



A LAIRD & LEE PUBLICATION

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In a few instances the compiler has been unable after long and diligent search to communicate with the authors, and to such we offer our thanks.

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MAY 29 1939



Man has always indulged an interest in his past. Every year costly expeditions dig into the wreck of early civilizations merely the better to see the dawn. The opening of an ancient tomb excites us more than the discovery of a vein of gold, and *Once upon a time* is a magic phrase for babes and bankers.

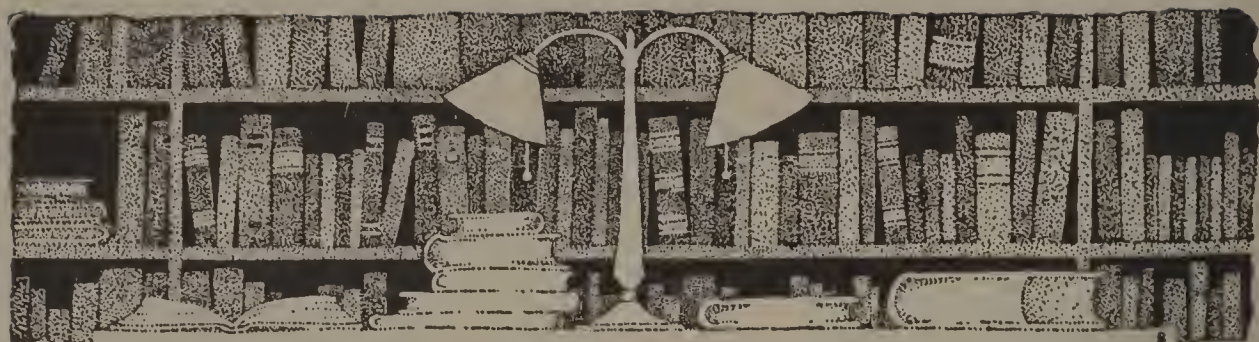
Yet the past has been singularly tragic. Suffering has always been paramount, and death has always triumphed. Happily some divinity in man acts to alchemize disaster into sublimity. A tragic Crucifixion confirms a Cross.

Poetry has been potent in this transfiguration. Poetry is an expedition along the borders of the unknown and there it has found the philosophers' stone that transmutes the tears of men to amber. The tumult and the shouting and the blood dies away; the idea lives.

Like its predecessors in the series,* *A Book of Historical Poems* carries an informative introduction to the poem. But while much time and research have gone into these forewords, the purpose of the volume is neither history nor scholarship, but interest and pleasure. It seeks to recover from the debris of the past, those better motives that have inspired historical effort.

—*William R. Bowlin*

**A Book of Treasured Poems, A Book of Living Poems, A Book of Personal Poems, A Book of Fireside Poems.*



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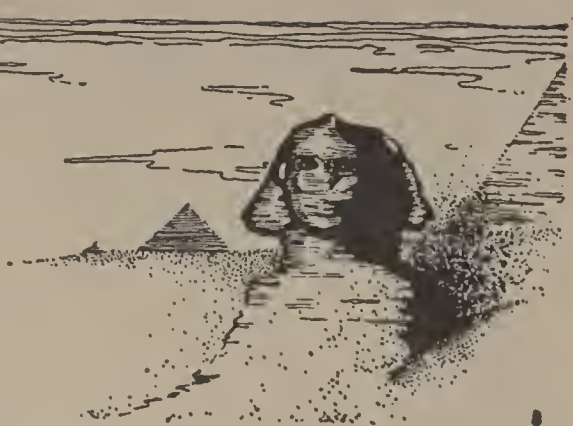


REMINDER

Sherry Kane

*History casts its shadow
Far into the land of song.*

—Longfellow



Tell me, sages, what shadowy street
Echoes now with exultant Gaul?
Where do the drums of David beat?
Where spill the spoils of Hannibal?
Vainly, vainly the trumpets call
Cæsar and John and Charlemagne:
Nothing lives of their pomps at all
Save what our dreams revive again.

Where lies anchored the phantom fleet
Of Rome's triremes? Beneath what pall
Do the ships of Carthage lastly meet?
Never no more in calm or squall
Will the brazen banners stream and fall
From galleons proud on the Spanish Main.
The years have stripped them clean of all
Save what our dreams revive again.

Where at last run the lovely feet
Of her who watched by the Trojan wall?
And fair Francesca, what fine sleet
Veils her now, and the loved one, Paul?
Where is the lonely, echoing hall
That Flora trod? And the fair Elaine?
Time has thieved their beauty of all
Save what our dreams revive again.

L'ENVOI.

*Poet, now to your madrigal!
Rend with your song the night's long reign.
(Nothing survives a burial
Save what our dreams revive again.)*



IN HARDIN COUNTY, 1809

Lulu E. Thompson

Genius is exactly the opposite of what clever people think it is. It arises in great, simple persons and masters them and urges them on to ends that are beyond any that the conscious mind can aim at or attain.

—Alfred Noyes

With flintlocked guns and polished stocks,
Knee breeches and long homespun socks,
Two hunters met in eighteen-nine
(The morning of Saint Valentine)
Across the line from Illinois.
They stopped their mules and voiced their joy:
“Why Ben! It has been a long spell
Since I’ve seen you . . . the folks all well?
Bring any news from up near town?”
“Why, yes . . . you know John Ezry Brown?
They say that he’s a-goin’ down
To Washington in all the din
To see Jim Madison sworn in . . .
And this young feller, Bonaparte,
Is tearin’ Europe all apart;
The fightin’s awful ’cross the sea!
Leastways that’s what they’re tellin’ me.”

“Wal, wal, nice day, tho kinda breezy—
Mule’s a gettin’ quite oneasy;
Now come and see us some time, do,
And bring the gals and Hepsy, too.
Got any news to send along?”
“No, nothin’ worth a tinker’s song . . .
There’s nothin’ happens here near me
Doggonest place you ever see,
Tom Lincoln lives right over there
In that log cabin bleak and bare—
They say they have a little babe
(I understand they’ve named him Abe).
Yes, Sally said just t’other day,
That nothin’ happens down this way!”

EXECUTION OF MAJOR ANDRÉ

Nathaniel P. Willis

1806-1867

Anna Seward

1747-1809



The part of Major André in the attempt of Arnold to surrender West Point is well known. Captured, he knew his life was forfeit. He had but one request. André had been tried by a regularly constituted board of American officers. Their mandate was death by hanging. Great pressure was brought on Washington to change the method to shooting. But other officers were believed to have been in the treason of Arnold; in fact, the British tried to compromise several including General St. Clair, and a commission sent by General Clinton attempted to intimidate Washington by a threat to hang American prisoners. Washington did not set the mode of execution: he simply did nothing. He did not answer the following letter:

Sir,—Buoyed above the terror of death by the consciousness of a life devoted to honorable pursuits, and stained with no action that can give me remorse, I trust that the request I make to your Excellency at this serious period, and which is to soften my last moments, will not be rejected. Sympathy toward a soldier will surely induce your Excellency, and the military tribunal, to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem toward me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as the victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on the gibbet. I have the honor to be your Excellency's most obedient servant,
John André

André was hanged October 2, 1780.

Nathaniel P. Willis has put this pathetic letter into poetry.

“It is not fear of death
That damps my brow;
It is not for another breath
I ask thee now;
I can die with a lip unstirr'd
And a quiet heart—
Let but this prayer be heard
Ere I depart.

The picture is copied from André's own drawing of himself made on the day of his execution.

I can give up my mother's look—
 My sister's kiss;
 I can think of love—yet brook
 A death like this!
 I can give up the young fame
 I burn'd to win;
 All—but the spotless name
 I glory in.

Thine is the power to give,
 Thine to deny,
 Joy for the hour I live,
 Calmness to die.
 By all the brave should cherish,
 By my dying breath
 I ask that I may perish
 By a soldier's death."

In England André's friend, Anna Seward, the famous biographer of Erasmus Darwin, wrote for the London General Evening Post of November 14, 1780:

"Oh Washington! I thought thee great and good,
 Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood!
 Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,
 Thou cool, determin'd murderer of the brave!
 Lost to each fairer virtue, that inspires
 The genuine fervor of the patriot fires!
 And you, the base abettors of the doom,
 That sunk his blooming honors in the tomb,
 Th' opprobrious tomb your hardened hearts decreed
 While all he asked was as the brave to bleed."



RIGHT



Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens)

1835-1910

Always do right;
 It will gratify some people
 And astonish the rest.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Anonymous
(C. 1750)

Both the air and the words seem to have been of Irish origin. The song was first put into manuscript about 1770, having been taken down, says Bunting, from an old harper named O'Neill, and was known as Brighton's Camp.

It has become part of the ceremony of soldier leave-taking. It was played on that June morning in 1876 when Custer's tragic Seventh rode away towards the Little Big Horn.



The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms all fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refus'd to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sail'd away,
Her letters oft remind me,
That I promis'd never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says, "My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else, abroad with you I'll roam,
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resign'd me,"—

My heart nigh broke when I answer'd "No,"
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But, were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.



NAPOLEON II

Lydia Schuyler

Napoleon I had put away his first wife, the West Indian Josephine Beauharnais, widow of a guillotined noble of the Terror, in order that he might have an heir to his empire, and had married Maria Louisa of Austria. On March 20, 1811, a son was born. His father's joy was unbounded. "C'est un roi de Rome!" he cried. Three years later Napoleon was banished to Elba. Although he had designated his small son as his successor, the senate called Louis XVIII to the throne, and the mother took "The Little Eagle" to Austria. In 1818, when the boy was but seven, the Austrian Emperor Franz I made him the Duke of Reichstadt, with the rank of prince. In the revolutions of '30 he was actively proposed for the throne of France, but his feeble constitution and his gentle mind made him a poor choice for the post of the most ruthless soldier of modern times. When but twenty-one, he died (July 22, 1832), his last words again supporting the charge that L'Aiglon had never grown his talons: "Ich gehe unter, meine Mutter, meine Mutter."

Poor babe of France and captive of her foes,
Exiled, disarmed, and disinherited,
Within the tomb thy star revives; for though
"Reichstadt" the letters cut upon the stone

.....

May spell, and "King of Rome" the words may run,
 Where palace gossip babbles of thy small
 Denuded days, a louder voice than theirs
 Proclaims thee by the title of thy dreams:
 "The second Caesar of the French, and like
 His great begetter called Napoleon."
 Poor pinch of royal dust commingled soon
 In alien soil with ashes of the things
 Outworn thy father toppled down and burned;
 Vague sterile child of old and new; vague lord
 Of naught and nowhere; on a shadowy throne,
 Near the huge pedestal of the Corsican
 Upreared on wrecks and fragments of the seats
 Of ancient tyrannies, thy figure sits,
 A shape of mist yet lordlier named than kings—
 The simulacrum of an emperor
 Wrought with thy features and thy father's name;
 The ghost of his desire, and on thy brow
 The wraith of his tremendous diadem.

BACK HOME AGAIN

Grantland Rice

1880-



"Another ship bringing American dead back home from France is expecting to dock in the next few days. . ."

So reads Grantland Rice, editor, poet, dean of American Sportswriters. And he visions the dead as they "fall in" from the graves of France, homeward bound at last.

The ghost of a sergeant growls—"Fall In"—
 Where crosses lean to a drab March rain.
 There are restless feet as the gray mists spin
 By the Meuse and Marne, by the Ourcq and Aisne,

With rusting rifle and rotting boot
They break from the clay their souls abhor;
“Right Dress!” and “Front!” With the old salute,
“All present, sir, or accounted for.”

Their tattered khaki is mired and torn
Where stains once came from a crimson fount.
Their packs are gone and their shoes are worn,
But they’re only ghosts, so it doesn’t count.
They are only ghosts, but an ancient glow
As bright as a red dawn down the glen
Has caught their eyes, as they whisper low,
“Orders are in—and it’s home again.”

Home again—by the long, long trail,
Through shattered valley and blasted track,
Where they stood in front of the leaden hail,
Moving on to the next attack.
A story now that is overtold,
And one, perhaps, that may weary you,
But day by day as the thunder rolled
The lengthening line of crosses grew.

Then from their coverlets of grass
They watched the seasons come and go.
They saw the poppies bloom and pass,
And bloom again in a crimson row,
While they still dreamed of one great day
When, from their barracks built of loam,
Their silent tramp would find the way
That led again to the hills of home.

You may not mark their eager zest,
Their cheering shouts—their wild hurrahs—
Who see their broken clay at rest
Beneath the Flag’s protecting stars,
And yet dead soldiers have their dreams
That even leap the alien sea,
Of ancient lanes, and singing streams,
And summer skies that used to be.
The war is over and out of mind,
And we have forgotten—you and I—

Most of the mates who stayed behind
 To see the poppies bloom and die
 And bloom again, in endless store,
 Until by mountain, plain, and glen
 A sergeant growls "Fall In" once more—
 As lost lanes whisper "Home again!"

SA-CA-GA-WE-A

Edna Dean Proctor

1838-1923



Sacagawea is justly the most famous Indian woman of America. She had been stolen when about ten from her Shoshone people, not far from present Butte, Montana, by the plains tribe, the Minnetarees, near where Bismarck, North Dakota, now is. When in 1804, Lewis and Clark ascended the Missouri to the Minnetaree country, they employed her as a guide. With her French husband and her babe, she led the expedition on toward the west.

"Beyond the great falls," she told them, "is the place of three rivers. Up one of them I think I can find my people." It was so; near the present Bozeman, Montana, the three rivers meet. Lewis and Clark named them the Jefferson, the Madison, and the Gallatin, in honor of the wives of men then in power. They turned up the Jefferson and there they found Sacagawea's people, her brother a chief. She went on with the expedition to the Pacific. She died with the Shoshones in Wyoming in 1884, about ninety-five years of age.

Sho-sho'-nē Sa-ca'-ga-we-a—captive and wife was she
 On the grassy plains of Dakota in the land of the Minnetaree;
 But she heard the west wind calling, and longed to follow the sun
 Back to the shining mountains and the glens where her life begun.

So, when the valiant Captains, fain for the Asian sea,
 Stayed their marvellous journey in the land of the Minnetaree
 (The Red Men wondering, wary—Omaha, Mandan, Sioux—
 Friendly now, now hostile, as they toiled the wilderness through),

Glad she turned from the grassy plains and led their way to the
West,

Her course as true as the swan's that flew north to its reedy nest;
Her eye as keen as the eagle's when the young lambs feed below;
Her ear alert as the stag's at morn guarding the fawn and doe.

Straight was she as a hillside fir, lithe as the willow-tree,
And her foot as fleet as the antelope's when the hunter rides the lea;
In broidered tunic and moccasins, with braided raven hair,
And closely belted buffalo robe with her baby nestling there—

*Girl of but sixteen summers, the homing bird of the quest,
Free of the tongues of the mountains, deep on her heart imprest,—
Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a led the way to the West!—*

To Missouri's broad savannas dark with bison and deer,
While the grizzly roamed the savage shore and cougar and wolf
prowled near;

To the cataract's leap, and the meadows with lily and rose abloom;
The sunless trails of the forest, and the canyon's hush and gloom;

By the veins of gold and silver, and the mountains vast and grim—
Their snowy summits lost in clouds on the wide horizon's brim;
Through sombre pass, by soaring peak, till the Asian wind blew
free,

And lo! the roar of the Oregon and the splendor of the Sea!

Some day, in the lordly upland where the snow-fed streams divide—
Afoam for the far Atlantic, afoam for Pacific's tide—

There, by the valiant Captains whose glory will never dim
While the sun goes down to the Asian sea and the stars in ether
swim,

She will stand in bronze as richly brown as the hue of her girlish
cheek,

With broidered robe and braided hair and lips just curved to speak;

*And the mountain winds will murmur as they linger along the crest,
"Sho-sho-ne Sa-ca-ga-we-a, who led the way to the west!"*



YANKEE DOODLE

Anonymous



The air was known in England a century or more before the Revolution, and children sang to it the yet familiar "Lucy Locket lost her pocket." Cromwell's army had a version before 1650.

*Nanke Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony
With a feather in his hat
Upon a macaroni (knot).*

A doodle then was a trifling fellow.

It is yet obscure how "Yankee" came to designate us of the United States. Some think the word is in imitation of the Indian's attempt to say English. Some give it a Dutch origin, which seems the more likely since they had a song as early as 1500 which ran: "Yanker dudel, doodle down." It seems reasonably certain that both Yankee and Doodle were words of derision which the sophisticated British were quick to employ to make sport of the cruder colonials. As early as 1768 we read in the Boston Journal that aboard the merry British fleet "the Yankee Doodle song was a capital piece in the band of music." We know that on the forenoon of April 19, 1775, Lord Percy, marching out of Boston with three regiments of infantry and two divisions of marines to find out what was the trouble over Lexington way, passed through Roxbury, "the bands playing Yankee Doodle in derision." History does not record what they played coming back. But at the surrender of Burgoyne in 1777, and again of Cornwallis at Yorktown in 1783, the tune was loudly played by American bands. Following are the verses popular about 1775.

*Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Goodwin,
Where we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty-puddin'.*

*There was Captain Washington
Upon a strapping stallion,*

A-giving orders to his men;
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal fine, ah,
I wanted peskily to get,
To give to my Jemima.

And then they had a swampin' gun
As big as log of maple,
On a deuced little cart,—
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they fired it off
It took a horn of powder;
It made a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as near to it myself
As Jacob's underpinnin'
And father went as near again,—
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold,
I thought he would have cocked it;
It scared me so I shranked off
And hung by father's pocket.

Old Uncle Sam came there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses cakes, to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

I see another snarl of men
A-diggin' graves, they told me,—
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

They scared me so I hooked it off,
Nor slept, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.

The chorus seems to have had a later origin.

Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Tom Taylor

1817-1880

Tom Taylor, famous editor of the English journal, Punch, was a writer of burlesques, a man whose pen was acrid, but whose heart was just. He was, too, a dramatist of note. On the night of April 14, 1865, Laura Keane and E. A. Sothorn, (father of E. H. Sothorn) were playing Our American Cousin at Ford's theater, Washington, and there Lincoln was killed. The author of the play was Tom Taylor, whose satire had been so often directed at the guest of that night.



YOU lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who, with mocking pencil, went to trace,
Broad for the self-complaisant British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,
His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonair,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;
You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain;
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain,—
Beside this corpse, that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurrile jester, is there room for you?





SLEEPIN' AT THE FOOT OF THE BED

Luther Patrick



This is a song of the other generation, a true picture of cruder, though not necessarily happier days, when homes lacked inside toilets, when night air had to be shut out, when apples were stored in the cellar or buried in the truck patch, and walnuts lay sacked in the attic. It was the day of the old wood-burning hathaway stove, the paper-maché water pail, from which we broke the ice on wintry mornings; of the vinegar cruet in the middle of the table, and the asparagus shoo to scare away the flies. It was the glorious day of Sunday company, so fatal to yellow-legged chickens; when a woman's chief reputation originated in the kitchen. Then his folks, and her folks, and our folks came to spend a week. Saddened are those days, yea, verily, in the recollection of us (now) older kids, by the memory of second table—and, forgive them, sleeping at the foot of the bed.

Did ye ever sleep at the foot o' the bed
When the weather wuz whizzin' cold,
When the wind wuz a-whistlin' aroun' the house
An' the moon wuz yellor ez gold,
An' give yore good warm feathers up
To Aunt Lizzie and Uncle Fred—
Too many kinfolks on a bad, raw night
And you went to the foot o' the bed—
Fer some dern reason.
The coldest night o' the season
An' you wuz sent to the foot o' the bed.

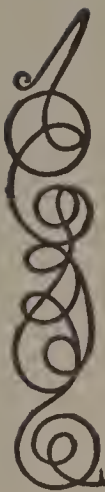
I could allus wait till the old folks et
An' then eat the leavin's with grace,
The teacher could keep me after school,
An' I'd still hold a smile on my face,
I could wear the big boys' wore-out clothes
Er let sister have my sled,
But it allus did git my nanny goat
To have to sleep at the foot o' the bed;

They's not a location
Topside o' creation
That I hate like the foot o' the bed.

'Twuz fine enough when the kinfolks come—
The kids brought brand-new games,
You could see how fat all the old folks wuz,
An' learn all the babies' names,
Had biscuits an' custard and chicken pie,
An' allus got Sunday fed,
But you knowed dern well when the night come on
You was headed fer the foot o' the bed;
You didn't git by it,
They wuz no use to try it,
You wuz headed fer the foot o' the bed.

They tell me that some folks don't know whut it is
To have company all over the place,
To rassel fer cover thru a long winter night
With a big foot settin' in your face,
Er with cold toenails a-scratchin' yore back
And a footboard a-scrubbin' yore head;
I'll tell the wide world you ain't lost a thing
Never sleepin' at the foot o' the bed;
You can live jest as gladly
An' die jest as sadly
'N' never sleep at the foot o' the bed.

I've done it, an' I've done it a many uv a time
In this land o' brave an' the free,
An' this all-fired battle uv life
It's sure left its mark on me,
Fer I'm allus a-strugglin' around at the foot
Instead of forgin' ahead,
An' I don't think it's caused by a doggone thing
But sleepin' at the foot o' the bed;
I've lost all my claim
On fortune an' fame,
A-sleepin' at the foot o' the bed.



WARREN'S
ADDRESS TO THE AMERICANS

John Pierpont

1785-1866



Major General Dr. Joseph Warren was President of the Provincial Congress, sitting at Watertown on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill. Learning that the British regulars in large numbers had landed above the village of Charlestown and were forming to storm the Colonial troops intrenched on Breed's (Bunker) Hill, Warren, although ill and exhausted, rode madly to the scene, dashed through the gunfire of the British man-of-war, Glasgow, at the Neck, and arrived in the redoubt only a few minutes before the first charge. Charlestown was already on fire. Warren's arrival was greeted with a shout, and greatly encouraged the Americans. On the third bloody attempt, the British drove the Americans from the breastworks. The last to leave was General Warren, who was fighting as a private. He was killed.

Stand! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
 And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;



But, oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where Heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1858-1919)

McLandburgh Wilson, Edna Dean Proctor,
 Rudyard Kipling

*As Washington was the revered and Lincoln the loved of presidents, Roosevelt was the unexpected. Mark Hanna on the train to the funeral of the murdered McKinley, exploded: "And look! That damned cowboy is President!" Roosevelt was an astonishing man in many ways. Of his belligerency, all know, since his rise to fame was as a colonel in the Spanish-American War. Said Peter Finley Dunne of his book, *The Rough Riders*: "If I was him, I'd call the book 'Alone in Cuba'" ; and McLandburgh Wilson wrote:*



Our hero is a man of peace,
 Preparedness he implores;
 His sword within its scabbard sleeps,
 But mercy, how it snores.

Of his showmanship, an unknown writer of England said:

A smack of Lord Cromer, Jeff Davis a touch of him;
 A little of Lincoln, but not very much of him;
 Kitchener, Bismarck, and Germany's Will,
 Jupiter, Chamberlain, Buffalo Bill.

So great a hold had he upon the people that some wag of a political enemy circulated the Republican National Convention in Chicago, July 17, 1912, with this handbill:

AT THREE O'CLOCK THURSDAY AFTERNOON, THEODORE
 ROOSEVELT WILL WALK ON THE WATERS OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

Theodore Roosevelt was never so much an American as the concentrated essence of America. Hear Edna Dean Proctor:

Friend of the humblest man, peer of the highest,
Knight of the lance, that was never at rest.

The great admired him: of his genius the poets sing, among them Kipling:

Concerning brave Captains
Our age hath made known
For all men to honour
One standeth alone,
Of whom, o'er both oceans
Both peoples may say:
"Our realm is diminished
With Great-Heart away."



CONVERSATIONAL

Anonymous

Courting—as in 1885! It had its virtues. It is better to be verdant than sophisticated, confused than cynical.

"How's your father?" came the whisper,
Bashful Ned the silence breaking;
"Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment,
Hopeless, Ned essayed another:
"Annie, I—I," then a coughing,
And the question, "How's your mother?"



“Mother? Oh, she’s doing finely!”
 Fleeting fast was all forbearance,
 When in low, despairing accents,
 Came the climax, “How’s your parents?”

ELEGY IN MEMORY
 OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

Fitz-Greene Halleck
 1790-1867



Dr. Joseph Rodman Drake, young, impetuous, and gifted, gave great promise of a literary future. But like Keats whose birth year was also 1795, he died early; and like Keats he died of tuberculosis, and within a few months of Keats' death (1820).

Drake is the author of The American Flag which appeared in the New York Evening Post, May 29, 1819.

*When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air
 She tore the azure robe of night
 And set the stars of glory there.*

Within a year he was dead, mourned deeply by his friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck. No better lines in English than the first stanza.

Green be the turf above thee,
 Friend of my better days!
 None knew thee but to love thee,
 Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell, when thou wert dying,
 From eyes unused to weep,
 And long, where thou art lying,
 Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
 Like thine are laid in earth,



There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I, who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine:

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.



AFTER AUGHRIM

Arthur Gerald Geoghegan

Patrick Sarsfield is a hero of old Ireland. After the battle of the Bourne, 1689, in which James II was defeated by the armies of William of Orange, Sarsfield fled into the swamps with a remnant of the Irish army. He was defeated and many of his men slain by the Dutch general Ginckel at Aughrim, July 12, 1691.

Do you remember long ago,
Kathleen?
When your lover whispered low,
"Shall I stay or shall I go,
Kathleen?"
And you answered proudly, "Go!
And join King James and strike a blow
For the Green."



Mavrone, your hair is white as snow,
 Kathleen;
 Your heart is sad and full of woe,
 Do you repent you bade him go,
 Kathleen?
 But quick you answered proudly, "No!
 For better die with Sarsfield so,
 Than live a slave without a blow
 For the Green."



THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS

John H. Finley

To Florence Nightingale, of England, goes the honor of organizing the first woman's corps for nursing in war—the Crimean, in 1854. She "introduced system where chaos had reigned." The American, Clara Barton, leaving her work in government offices during the American Civil war to minister to the sick and wounded, so demonstrated her value that Lincoln appointed her in 1864 to take charge of nursing in all military hospitals of the Army of the James. Meantime there had come together in Geneva in 1863, representatives of many countries to meet again the next year and organize the first Red Cross societies. It was Clara Barton, head of the American Red Cross, who in 1884 persuaded the international Red Cross societies to extend their mercy beyond the horrors of war—to the sufferers, in all calamities—earthquake, pestilence, famine, and flood; and it was Miss Barton who personally guided the hand of human mercy at the Johnstown flood.

Whenever war, with its red woes,
 Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
 There, too, go I;
 If earth in any quarter quakes
 Or pestilence its ravage makes,
 Thither I fly.

I go wherever men may dare,
 I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live,
 Wherever strength and skill can bring
 Surcease to human suffering,
 Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore
 With Hospitaller Knights I bore
 The first red cross;
 I was the Lady of the Lamp;
 I saw in Solferino's camp
 The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
 I am your bodies on their rounds
 Of pain afar;
 I am *you*, doing what you would
 If you were only where you could—
 Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
 The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
 Is but a sign
 Of what you'd sacrifice for him
 Who suffers on the hellish rim
 Of war's red line.



UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE



Josephine Robinson

In every race, in every creed,
 It matters not how far apart,
 The language of a loving deed
 Is understood by every heart.



CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE

Frederick Whittaker

1838-1917



George Armstrong Custer was the whirlwind. He would have been refused graduation at West Point had not the Civil War come on; yet he captured the first and last flags of the Civil War and prevented all flanking movements at Gettysburg.

When, after peace, the famous Seventh Cavalry, made up of ex-soldiers and adventurers, was organized to fight Indians, it was Custer, of the long yellow hair and velvet jacket, who whipped it into a fighting unit. In 1868 after an incredible march in mid-winter, Custer broke the Cheyennes on the Wichita, bringing upon himself severe criticism for having attacked a village at night. When in 1876 General Sheridan decided to end all resistance of the Sioux, Custer was sent with his famous Seventh to Montana.

But he was not alone. Converging columns under Crooks and Terry were to trap the Indians and doubtless the cavalry was only to round them up. But Custer the Whirlwind did not wait for the infantry, though only a few hours away, but attacked several thousand Indians with less than half a regiment. His plan seems to have been simultaneously to hit both ends of the village lying along the Little Big Horn river, about thirty miles south of present Billings. Major Reno was sent against the south end, while Custer moved back of the bluffs to strike the north. But Reno was thrown back by force of numbers and before Custer could reach the north end, the entire fighting force of savages crossed the river and surrounded him on a bare knoll. Here died every man, among them two brothers of General Custer, Captain Tom, and a boy, Boston Custer, a brother-in-law, Lieutenant Calhoun, and a nephew, Autie Reed. Autie and "Boss" were along for the ride.

The poet is in error in "Then down the hillside exultingly thundered into the hordes of the old Sitting Bull." Custer did not charge, but on seeing the multitude of racing Sioux cross the little river and ride up the bluff toward him, he sent out Lieutenant Calhoun's company in line. They lie there yet, still in line. Then wildly circling the little knoll, the savages shot every man.

Dead! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Far from our battle-king's ringlets of light!

Dead, our young chieftain, and dead, all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track,
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hilltop he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly;
Hurrying scouts with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat!—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who
followed—
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the old Sitting Bull!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion,—
Then closed round, the grim horde of wild Sioux!

Right to their centre he charged, and then facing—
Hark to those yells! and around them, O see!
Over the hilltops the Indians come racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire around them;
No hope of victory, no ray of light,
Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then did he blench? Did he die like a craven,
 Begging those torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
 Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing!
 There in the midst of the Indians they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
 Fighting like tigers, all 'bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
 Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing,
 Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
 Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy,
 War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward, again and again, they were driven,
 Shrinking to close with the lost little band;
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
 Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death circle growing,
 Ever the leader's voice, clarion clear
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
 "We can but die once, boys,—we'll sell our
 lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers raging,
 Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
 Marking their tracks by the dead on the ground.
Comrades, our children shall yet tell their story,—
 Custer's last charge on the old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory
 Needed but that death to render it full.





THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Virginia Eaton

Some cairn to honor the unknown dead of battle is not new; on the contrary, the practice antedates history. At Annapolis lies the unnamed ashes of a soldier of the Revolution. Under the stone floor of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris lies the mystery of a French boy, his fame exemplified by an ever-burning torch. Great Britain's soldier lies under the nave of famous Westminster, and Italy's beneath the altar of Victor Emmanuel Monument in Rome. The American Unknown Soldier rests at beautiful Arlington Cemetery across the Potomac from the City of Washington, in a sarcophagus of white marble before which paces an armed soldier. Across the drive is a great marble auditorium open to the sky in dedication of America's appeal to justice eternal.

How peacefully he sleeps out there
In Arlington, among the fair
Hills of Virginia. Loving hands
Have brought him back from foreign lands
Across the seas that he may rest
Within the land that he loved best
And died to save! There is no name
Upon his tomb to tell of fame,
Or honor that he may have won
Upon the battlefields; his name
Passed with his passing soul, and still
A Nation honors him and will
Through all the years to come. We know
He is the emblem of that flow—
That living tide—the boys who gave
Their lives, their own fair land to save.
Your boy or mine? Ah, who can tell?
A husband, sweetheart? It were well
To call him Ours—both yours and mine—
And bow with reverence at his shrine.

THE UNKNOWN

E. O. Laughlin



The body of America's Soldier was among several unknown taken from the cemeteries of France. A sergeant from Chicago, Edward S. Younger, entered a darkened room and placed on a coffin a spray of white roses. This coffin was brought across the Atlantic aboard the famous Dewey flagship, Olympia, and on Armistice Day, 1921, entombed in its place of perpetual honor among the noble dead of Arlington.

The Unknown speaks:

I do not understand . . .

They bring so many, many flowers to me—
Rainbows of roses, wreaths from every land;
And hosts of solemn strangers come to see
My tomb here on these quiet, wooded heights.
My tomb here seems to be
One of the sights.

The low-voiced men, who speak
Of me quite fondly, call me "The Unknown":
But now and then at dusk, Madonna-meek,
Bent, mournful mothers come to me alone
And whisper down—the flowers and grasses through—
Such names as "Jim," and "John" . . .
I wish they knew.

And once my sweetheart came.
She did not—nay, of course she could not—know,
But thought of me and crooned to me the name
She called me by—how many years ago?
A very precious name. Her eyes were wet,
Yet glowing, flaming so . . .
She won't forget.



HOME SWEET HOME

John Howard Payne

1791-1852

The most loved home song in English was written by a man who never knew the meaning of the word. John Howard Payne was one of those unfortunate men too delicate to flourish in the hard competition of a rude world, a kind of flower choked out by the weeds. Loving, brilliant, impractical, he served time in debtor prisons, and to escape from prisons went often under an alias. It was from his friends, often, that he got the sustenance to keep him alive—chief of them, Washington Irving. He never married, but seems to have fallen deeply in love with Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, widow of the poet. Perhaps it was the recognition in him of some of the vaporous excellencies of Percy Bysshe Shelley, also too sensitive for his time, that caused Mary to turn away from John Howard Payne.

Payne was a notable actor and playwright, and at times had money. It was in one of his successes, "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," (Covent Garden, May, 1823), that Home Sweet Home was first sung. Though it made the publisher rich, Payne got not a cent for it; but his greatest pay came in sitting in the front row in a New York theater in December, 1850, when the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind, sang his song.

He died in Tunis in 1852, and thirty-one years later was brought "home" in state and interred in Oak Hill cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 't is to sit 'neath a fond father's smile
 And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
 Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
 But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
 The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
 No more from that cottage again will I roam;
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!

There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

THE POET

Mary Sinton Leitch



From Mrs. Leitch's book, The Wagon and the Star. The poet adds the colors to history.

In the darkness he sings of the dawning;
 In the desert he sings of a rose,
 Or of limpid and laughing water
 That through green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
 Out through his prison bars,
 And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
 Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
 At last with failing breath
 A song of faith and youth and love
 He sings at the gates of death.



DIXIE

Daniel D. Emmett

1815-1904

The immortal war-song of the Confederacy was not written for war, nor for the South; not in the south, nor by a southerner. Even the word Dixie was the name of a Manhattan plantation that had sold its Negroes and its name "down the river." It was written in New York City by a roving, black-face comedian, first of his tribe, Dan Emmett.

The Bryant company in which Emmett was an actor, was playing at Mechanics hall. One Saturday night the manager demanded that the minstrels discover a new "walk around" for Monday night. This was really a demand on Emmett, for he had written music.

In his early days Emmett had been with a tent circus, and had often heard the circus roustabouts complain of northern cold in late fall days, with the plaint, "Oh, I wish I was in Dixie!" Perhaps on that cold and rainy Sunday in 1859, Emmett, too, would rather have been in Dixie; at any rate, that's what his song said:

*Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand to lib an die
In Dixie.*

The song was a success in New York, and soon playing companies introduced it widely throughout the country. It was in New Orleans that it took fast hold in the singing of Mrs. John Wood in the burlesque, "Pocahontus"; and when the South turned to arms, Dixie became its battle hymn. Many attempts were made to improve the words, the most successful being that of General Albert Pike, a Massachusetts man who turned Southerner.

*Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! to arms! to arms! in Dixie.*

But in literary merit, and in justice to Dan Emmett, the original words still live.

I wish I was in the land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

In Dixie Land whar' I was born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin'
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray!
In Dixie Land, I'll take my stand to lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down south in Dixie,
Away, away, away down south in Dixie.

Old Missus marry Will, de weaber,
 Willium was a gay deceaber;
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
 But when he put his arm around 'er
 He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
 But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
 Old Missus acted the foolish part,
 And died for a man dat broke her heart,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song tomorrow,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
 Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
 To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.



From
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

William Shakspeare

1565-1616

Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, Cypress, and Syria, has been a glamorous figure in history. Mother of a son by great Caesar; the woman who displaced his three wives and went openly as his mistress in Rome; the siren who held handsome Antony for thirteen years against lovely Fulva and brilliant, beautiful Octavia; who bore him three children and secured their inheritance against the four legitimate children of Roman matrons, Cleopatra must have been something more than a mere queen. It would seem that Shakspeare was not overstating the case. The infatuation of Antony and Cleopatra was not to end until after their defeat and suicide at the battle of Actium, 31 B. C.

The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth-of-gold of tissue,
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature: on each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-color'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.

POET

John Richard Moreland

Through restless waters of his mind
He daily draws thought's seine along,
Hoping within its mesh to find
A song.

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith

1808-1895

*Fate sought to conceal him by
naming him Smith.*

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes*



Contrary to general opinion, the song America is not a copy of the British anthem, God Save the King. The air is old—very. It was sung in Geneva at least as early as 1603, four years before the first settlement in America. A song was set to it by the famous harpsichordist, Dr. John Bull, in praise of James I of England, and sung to him in 1619. The air was employed by Lully in a French patriotic song dedicated to Le Grand Monarque, Louis XIV (1638-1715). It has found a place in the music of both Holland and Denmark, and Handel, himself, made use of it in praise of the Elector of Hanover, who became king of England in 1714.

The modern British patriotic hymn seems, finally, to have had its authorship in the man who wrote the immortal Sally in Our Alley, Henry Carey. It was entitled God Save Great George, Our King, (George II), and was sung by the author first, November 20, 1739. While Carey's service thus to the British Empire has been incomprehensively great, poverty and neglect hounded him to suicide in 1743.

The great American poem was written by Dr. Smith in 1832. Washington knew it not, and Lincoln was a captain in the Blackhawk War when it was written. Strangely, it was from a German source that Smith copied the air. Says he: "Looking at the German words at the bottom of the page, I saw they were patriotic, and I was instantly inspired to write a patriotic hymn of my own. . . . Seizing a scrap of waste paper, I began to write, and in half an hour, I think, the words stood upon it substantially as they are sung today. I did not know at the time that the tune was the British, God Save the King, and I do not share the regret of those who deem it unfortunate that the national tune of Britain and America should be the same."

The hymn took hold rapidly, but it was the fervor of the Civil War that fixed it forever in our national consciousness.

Unlike the author of God Save the King, Samuel Francis Smith lived on to a great and happy age, passing away in honor at Boston, November 16, 1895, after eighty-seven splendid years.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet Land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing;

Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain-side
 Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,—
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet Freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake;
 Let all that breathe partake;
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of Liberty,
 To Thee I sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With Freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.



ON BURNS



William Wordsworth

1770-1850

Burns died at Dumfries, July 21, 1796

I mourned with thousands, but as one
 More deeply grieved, for *he* was gone
 Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
 And showed my youth
 How verse may build a princely throne
 On humble truth.



EVOLUTION

Langdon Smith

1858-1908



The first line and the style of "Evolution" tends to give the impression that the poem is humorous and trivial; it is humorous, but not trivial.

We start far back in the first, or Cambrian division of the third great geological era, the Paleozoic—the word means first life—and come up through the Mesozoic Era, the "middle ages" of animal life on this earth, to the Cenozoic Era, which comprises the last or modern times. Mr. Smith may have placed the scale of life a little too far back, for there was hardly a tadpole, or even older, a fish in the Cambrian period, now represented chiefly in the trilobites that left their record as fossils in stratified rock, perhaps five hundred million years ago. However, there were both tadpoles and fishes in the Devonian period, roughly four hundred million years ago; and what is a little matter of a hundred million years in a good poem!

Then the rift of a Caradoc drift—upper Silurian, four hundred millions back; the mold of a Neocomian shore—lower Cretaceous, birth of the Rocky Mountains, and the age of the massive saurians that wallowed about the inland seas of Wyoming and left their enormous joints in the "graveyard of the dinosaurs" more than a hundred million years gone: the Aurocks bull, and the cave bear, the fireless cave, and later the flint—coming down through the stone ages to the carvings on cavern walls that slightly antedate the dawn of history: and on up (or down?) to Delmonico's!

Langdon Smith was one time private secretary to George M. Pullman, who added sleep to travel.

When you were a Tadpole and I was a Fish,
In the Paleozoic time,
And side by side on the ebbing tide,
We sprawled through the ooze and slime,
Or skittered with many a caudal flip
Through the depths of the Cambrian fen—
My heart was rife with the joy of life,
For I loved you even then.

Mindless we lived, mindless we loved,
And mindless at last we died;
And deep in the rift of a Caradoc drift
We slumbered side by side.
The world turned on in the lapse of time,
The hot sands heaved amain,
Till we caught our breath from the womb of death,
And crept into life again.

We were Amphibians, scaled and tailed,
And drab as a dead man's hand.
We coiled at ease 'neath the dripping trees
Or trailed through the mud and sand,
Croaking and blind, with our three-clawed feet,
Writing a language dumb,
With never a spark in the empty dark
To hint at a life to come.

Yet happy we lived, and happy we loved,
And happy we died once more.
Our forms were rolled in the clinging mold
Of a Neocomian shore.
The aeons came and the aeons fled,
And the sleep that wrapped us fast
Was riven away in a newer day,
And the night of death was past.

Then light and swift through the jungle trees
We swung in our airy flights,
Or breathed the balms of the fronded palms
In the hush of the moonless nights.
And oh, what beautiful years were these
When our hearts clung each to each;
When life was filled and our senses thrilled
In the first faint dawn of speech!

Thus life by life, and love by love,
We passed through the cycles strange,
And breath by breath, and death by death,
We followed the chain of change.
Till there came a time in the law of life,
When over the nursing sod

The shadows broke, and the soul awoke
In a strange, dim dream of God.

I was thewed like an Aurocks bull
And tusked like the great Cave-Bear,
And you, my sweet, from head to feet,
Were gowned in your glorious hair.
Deep in the gloom of a fireless cave,
When the night fell o'er the plain,
And the moon hung red o'er the river bed,
We mumbled the bones of the slain.

I flaked a flint to a cutting edge,
And shaped it with brutish craft;
I broke a shank from the woodland dank,
And fitted it, head to haft.
Then I hid me close in the reedy tarn,
Where the Mammoth came to drink—
Through brawn and bone I drave the stone,
And slew him upon the brink.

Loud I howled through the moonlit wastes,
Loud answered our kith and kin;
From west and east to the crimson feast
The clan came trooping in.
O'er joint and gristle and padded hoof,
We fought and clawed and tore,
And cheek by jowl, with many a growl,
We talked the marvel o'er.

I carved that fight on a reindeer bone
With rude and hairy hand;
I pictured his fall on the cavern wall
That men might understand.
For we lived by blood and the right of might,
Ere human laws were drawn,
And the Age of Sin did not begin
Till our brutal tasks were done.

And that was a million years ago,
In a time that no man knows;

Yet here tonight in the mellow light,
 We sit at Delmonico's.
 Your eyes are deep as the Devon springs,
 Your hair is as dark as jet,
 Your years are few, your life is new,
 Your soul untried, and yet—

Our trail is on the Kimmeridge clay,
 And the scarp of the Purbeck flags;
 We have left our bones in the Bagshot stones,
 And deep in the Coralline crags.
 Our love is old, and our lives are old,
 And death shall come amain.
 Should it come today, what man shall say
 We shall not live again?

God wrought our souls from the Tremadoc beds
 And furnished them wings to fly;
 He sowed our spawn in the world's dim dawn,
 And I know that it shall not die;
 Though cities have sprung above the graves
 Where the crook-boned men made war,
 And the ox-wain creaks o'er the buried caves
 Where the mummified mammoths are.

Then, as we linger at luncheon here,
 O'er many a dainty dish,
 Let us drink anew to the time when you
 Were a Tadpole and I was a Fish.

ADVENTURE

Henry Holcomb Bennett

Out where the white clouds slowly drift,
 Out where the grass is long,
 Out where the great wind mounts the hill,
 Singing a sturdy song.

Out where the winding foot-path goes,
 Out by the singing rill,
 Out to the edge of mystery
 And the land beyond the hill.

THE PHANTOM MAIL COACH

L. O. Welcome



The mail-coach it was that distributed over the face of the land, like the opening of apocalyptic vials, the heart-shaking news of Trafalgar, of Salamanca, of Vittoria, of Waterloo. These were the harvests that, in the grandeur of their reaping, redeemed the tears and blood in which they had been sown. . .

—De Quincey

Gather up the ribbons, give the 'orn a toot!
The fares are in their places, the treasure's in the boot,
Letters for the garrison, an' all the soldiers' pay;
An' we set out from Bedford on the King's 'Ighway.

A lead team,
A wheel team,
A good, red bay;
A-takin' George's letters
Down the King's 'Ighway.

My! But we was jolly! Lord! But we was fine!
Pretty Mistress Polly an' 'er sister Caroline,
With orficers in uniform—red coats gay—
A-wooin' an' a-cooin' on the King's 'Ighway.

A short life!
A short life!
And youth won't stay!
A-flyin' like dust
Upon the King's 'Ighway!

A little 'alt for dinner, and a little pause to sup;
"Service of 'Is Majesty!" and now the time is up!
Out upon the meadows in the duskin' o' the day
A-takin' George's treasure down the King's 'Ighway!

A sea mist,
 A salt mist,
 A dank mist an' gray,
 An' I'd like to see it fairer
 On the King's 'Ighway!

Now, who is that! An' who is there! An' wot's wrong below?
 'Ands upon the bridle bits, an' won't let go!
 Time enough to scream a bit, not enough to pray,
 An' so we all was murdered on the King's 'Ighway!

For stilled tongues
 Is safe tongues—
 The dead they can't away,
 To bring King George's troopers
 Down the King's 'Ighway.

So, once in ev'ry hundred years, my lot it is to ride,
 With treasure and the letters and the fares inside:
 An' we be only phantoms in the sea mist gray,
 A-'untin' of our slayers down the King's 'Ighway.

A lead team
 A wheel team,
 A ghost-team gray,
 Wot can't get used to autos
 On the King's 'Ighway!



UNTIL YOU PASS

(To Jeanne)



A. Newberry Choyce

*And dreaming through the twilight that doth not rise
 or set, haply I may remember, and haply may forget.*

And when you search through wounded France
 To find the cross that marks my rest,
 I think the grass will hear you come
 And tell it to my silent breast.



So for a moment in my sleep
 A smile around my lips shall move,
 And bid my wand'ring soul be near
 To whisper to you of my love.

To tell your heart how safe I lie
 And dream my dreams all through the years;
 And you will still your aching grief
 For fear you hurt me with your tears.

So I shall wait in perfect rest,
 My gladdest dream until you pass
 To know that even death must hear
 Your loving footfall on the grass.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

Alexander Muir

*This is the Canadian National Hymn,
 and across three thousand miles of gunless
 border "The States" echo, "The Maple
 Leaf Forever."*



In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
 Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
 And planted firm Britannia's flag
 On Canada's fair domain.
 Here may it wave, our boast and pride,
 And joined in love together,
 The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
 The Maple Leaf forever!

.....

Chorus

*The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!*

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless Old Scotland ever more,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!



WHERE A ROMAN VILLA STOOD, ABOVE FREIBURG

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge

1861-1907

It was just a year before the birth of Julius Caesar that Marius, the Roman, first struck the Cimbrian and Teuton tribes, (101 B. C.). From that time on to the disastrous rout of the Roman legions at Teutoburg forest in 9 A. D., Roman legions were stationed at various places east of the Rhine. Freiburg is in the Schwarzwald where the Rhine turns at the Swiss border.

On alien ground, breathing an alien air,
A Roman stood, far from his ancient home,
And gazing, murmured, "Ah, the hills are fair,
But not the hills of Rome!"

.....

Descendant of a race to Romans kin,
 Where the old son of Empire stood, I stand.
 The self-same rocks fold the same valley in,
 Untouched of human hand.

Over another shines the self-same star,
 Another heart with nameless longing fills,
 Crying aloud, "How beautiful they are,
 But not our English hills!"

SOME AMERICAN CITIES

NEW YORK

Richard Watson Gilder



New York, the great, brawling, unknown, magnificent stub-end of America! "What else can you expect from a town that's shut off from the world by an ocean on one side and New Jersey on the other?" asked O. Henry.

And Harry Leon Wilson calls it: "A little strip of island with a row of well fed folks up and down the middle, and a lot of hungry folks on each side."

Stream of the living world,
 Where dash the billows of strife!—
 One plunge in the mighty torrent
 Is a year of tamer life!
 City of glorious days,
 Of hope, and labor, and mirth.
 With room to spare on her splendid bays
 For the ships of all the earth.

MANHATTAN

Morris Abel Beer

There's Asia on the avenue,
 And Europe in the street,
 And Africa goes plodding by
 Beneath my window-seat.



This is the promised land of dreams,
 Where worlds and nations meet;
 Ah, do not say romance is gone,
 Behold the city street!



BOSTON



Sam Walter Foss

Boston is a state of mind, said Mark Twain. But have you ever seen Boston?

One day, through the primeval wood,
 A calf walked home, as good calves should;
 But made a trail all bent askew,
 A crooked trail, as all calves do . . .
 This forest trail became a lane,
 That bent and turned, and bent again, . . .
 And this, before men were aware,
 A city's crowded thoroughfare, . . .
 And men two centuries and a half
 Trod in the footsteps of that calf.

*And not all the rivalry between Harvard and Yale is on the gridiron:
 here's J. C. Bossidy for the Crimson.*

And this is to good old Boston,
 The home of the bean and the cod,
 Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots,
 And the Cabots talk only to God.

To which F. S. Jones makes rejoinder:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
 The home of the Truth and the Light,
 Where God talks to Jones in the very same tones,
 That He uses to Hadley and Dwight.

And Franklin P. Adams has a word for it:

Then here's to the city of Boston,
 The town of the cries and the groans,
 Where the Cabots can't see the Kabotchniks,
 And the Lowells won't speak to the Cohns.



But Ralph Waldo Emerson is serious:

The rocky nook and hilltops three
 Looked eastward from the farms,
 And twice each day the flowing sea,
 Took Boston in its arms.



CHICAGO



Mildred Plew Meigs

"Hog-butcher of the World," yells Carl Sandburg and Mildred Plew Meigs writes her Lest We Forget.

Burst to bloom, you proud white flower
 But—remember that hot hour
 When the shadow of your brand
 Laps the last cool grain of sand—
 You will still be just a scar
 On a little lonesome star.

THE OLD ASTRONOMER
 TO HIS PUPIL

Anonymous

There are battles in history not in famous campaigns—Galileo in recantation, Pasteur facing prosecution for murder, Doctors Lazear and Reed, and nurse Maass going to death against the fever, and Tycho Brahe in flight for his life from Germany because he derided ignorance in medicine. He was born in Denmark in 1546 and died in Prague in 1601, leaving to science an immeasurable urge to truth. The last line is immortal.



Reach me down my Tycho Brahe, I would know him when we meet,
 When I share my later science, sitting humbly at his feet;
 He may know the law of all things, yet be ignorant of how
 We are working to completion, working on from then to now.

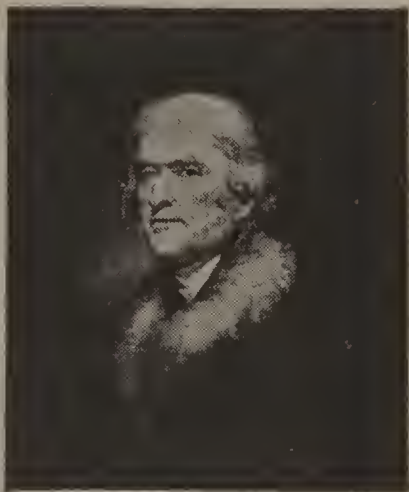


Through the author Tycho Brahe speaks:

Pray remember that I leave you all my theory complete,
Lacking only certain data for your adding, as is meet,
And remember men will scorn it, 'tis original and true,
And the obloquy of newness may fall bitterly on you.

But, my pupil, as my pupil, you have learned the worth of scorn,
You have laughed with me at pity, we have joyed to be forlorn.
What for us are all distractions of men's fellowship and smiles;
What for us the Goddess Pleasure with her meretricious smiles!

You may tell that German College that their honor comes too late,
But they must not waste repentance on the grizzly savant's fate.
Though my soul may set in darkness, it will rise in perfect light;
I have loved the stars too fondly to be fearful of the night.



ON JEFFERSON

William Cullen Bryant

1794-1878

All great men suffer much from contemporary men. Jefferson was severely criticised in verse by Bryant, though it ought to be said that the poet was then but a boy.

It is not generally known that Jefferson was of scientific as well as political mind. His book, "Notes on the State of Virginia," in which he treated of the fauna and flora of the state, was translated into three major languages. When he went to his inauguration as Vice-President in Philadelphia in 1797, he took along with him the bones of a then strange animal of the sloth family; and even when Congress was wrangling over the Jefferson-Burr tie

for President, Jefferson was in his room poring over the bones of a strange and mighty animal we know now as the mammoth.

If Jefferson could have known Wyoming: But at least he bought it!

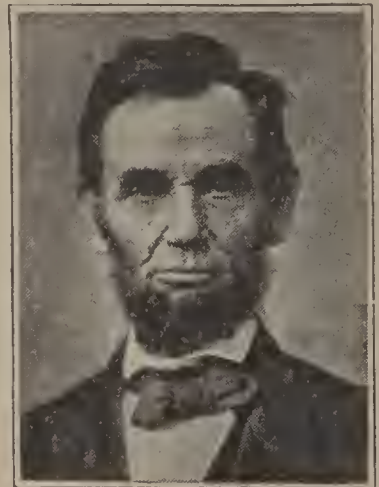
Go wretch, resign thy presidential chair,
 Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair,
 Go, search with curious eyes for horned frogs
 'Mid the wild wastes of Louisiana bogs;
 Or, where the Ohio rolls his turgid stream
 Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
 WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(In Springfield, Illinois)

Vachel Lindsay

1879-1931



"If the good people see fit to keep me in the background," said Lincoln in 1832, "I have been too familiar with disappointment to be much chagrined."

This is our greatest Lincoln poem.

It is portentous, and a thing of state,
 That here at midnight, in our little town,
 A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
 Near the old courthouse pacing up and down;

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards,
 He lingers where his children used to play;
 Or through the market, or the well-worn stones
 He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
 A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
 Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
 The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
 He is among us—as in times before!
 And we who toss and lie awake for long
 Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings,
 Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
 Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
 Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
 He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
 He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
 The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
 Shall come—the shining hope of Europe free;
 The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
 Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
 That all his hours of travail here for men
 Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
 That he may sleep upon his hill again?



KAISER & CO.

Alexander Macgregor Rose

1846-1898

On the morning of May 1, 1898, Admiral Dewey sailed into the harbor of Manila and defeated the Spanish fleet. In the harbor at the time was a German squadron under Admiral von Deiderick, who took exception to Dewey's orders in control of the harbor. For a time it seemed that there might be a

clash, especially after the flagship *Olympia* had fired on a German launch for refusing to stop. "How dare you fire on us? We fly the German flag!" said von Deiderick. "Those flags can be bought anywhere for a dollar a yard," retorted Dewey.

The first shot of the battle had been fired by the cruiser *Raleigh*, Captain Joseph Bullock Coghlan. A year later on the night of April 21, 1899, the captain was the guest of honor at New York's Union League Club. After he had told the story of the von Deiderick-Dewey incident, some person who knew of the verses below, called upon him to recite them. The captain demurred, but under a storm of appeals, complied, to the uproarious applause of his excited American audience.

Of course the poem got into the newspapers, and came to the eye of the German ambassador. There followed a formal demand for an apology, coming straight from the German government. President McKinley and Secretary Hay promised to reprimand Captain Coghlan and the incident was finally quieted. But some years later Burton Stevenson was unable to uncover in Washington files any record of the reprimand.*

The author, Alexander Macgregor Rose, had at one time been minister of the Free Church of Evie and Randall, at Orkney, Scotland. It is said that he liked his liquor a little too well. At any rate he suddenly disappeared and adding the name Gordon to his already long designation, took up the life of a wandering newspaper man in the United States and Canada, using the name A. M. R. Gordon. About the time of the Kaiser's divine right speech in 1897, the editor of the *Montreal Herald* asked Gordon for a poem on the Kaiser. Within an hour "Kaiser & Co." had been born, and all the state departments of the earth can never suppress it.

Alexander Macgregor Rose never knew the fame of his poem, for he was found unconscious on the streets of Montreal within the week of Dewey's victory, and died May 10, 1898, almost a year before the international incident of Kaiser & Co.

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland
Und Gott on high, all dings gommand,
Ve two, ach, don'd you understand?
Meinself—und Gott.

He reigns in heafen, und always shall,
Und mein own embire don'd vas small;
Ein noble bair, I dink you call
Meinself—und Gott.

While some mens sing der power divine,
Mein soldiers sing der "Wacht am Rhein,"

**Famous Single Poems*, Dodd Mead, p. 38.

Und drink der healt in Rhenish wein
Auf me—und Gott.

Dere's France dot swaggers all aroundt,
She ausgespieldt—she's no aggoundt,
To mooch ve dinks she don'd amoundt,
Meinself—und Gott.

She vill not dare to fight again,
But if she should, I'll show her blain,
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are mein—und Gott's.

Von Bismarck vas a man of might,
Und dought he vas glean oud auf sight,
But, ach! he vas nicht goot to fight
Mit me—und Gott.

Ve knock him like ein man auf straw,
Ve let him know whose vill vas law,
Und dot ve don'd vould standt his jaw,
Meinself—und Gott.

Ve send him oudt in big disgrace,
Ve giff him insuldt to his face,
Und put Caprivi in his place,
Meinself—und Gott.

Und ven Caprivi get svelled headt,
Ve very bromptly on him set,
Und toldt him to get up und get—
Meinself—und Gott.

Kaiser Wilhelm was a grandson of Queen Victoria.

Dere's grandma dinks she's nicht shmall beer,
Mit Boers und dings she interfere;
She'll learn none runs dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott.

She dinks, goot frau, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der sgarlet coat,
Ach! we could knock dem—pouf! like dot,
Meinself—und Gott.

Dey say dat badly fooled I vas
 At Betersburg by Nicholas,
 Und dat I act shust like ein ass,
 Und dupe, Her Gott!

Vell, maybe yah und maybe nein,
 Und maybe czar mit France gombine,
 To take dem lands about der Rhein
 From me—und Gott.

But dey may try dat leedle game,
 Und make der breaks; but all der same,
 Dey only vill ingrease der fame
 Auf me—und Gott.

In dimes auf peace, brebared for wars,
 I bear der helm und spear auf Mars,
 Und care nicht for den dousandt czars,
 Meinselb—und Gott.

In short, I humor efery whim,
 Mit aspect dark und visage grim,
 Gott pulls mit me und I mit him—
 Meinselb—und Gott.



FOLD THE BANNERS



Will Thompson
 1848-1918

From *High Tide at Gettysburg*

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
 Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
 A mighty mother turns in tears
 The pages of her battle years,
 Lamenting all her fallen sons!

.....



THE HAUG-EYE MAN

Opie Read

Born in Tennessee in 1852, Opie Read, in his time America's most popular novelist and Chataqua speaker, knew the slavery Negro, played with the children, and loved the Negro Mammy as his own. Among the slaves, he tells us, was the superstition that certain sharp-eyed men could do supernatural things—knew how to predict weather, and give occult advice; knew where to find angelica root, could live on their wits with minimum labor. Almost every community had a "hog-eye man."

Laung time sense Ah tole 'bout de Haug-eye man:
Oh, de Haug-eye man he uster come roun'
Er winkin' at de wimmin an' er noddin' at de men;
Foot so big he wuz ha'f on de groun'—

Cose it wan't er fack but it 'peared so den.

He known whar de apples wuz ripe an' sweet
An' de killin' o' er snake wuz jest in his han'
An' he hunted fer de patterage nest in de wheat—
Funny ole nigger wuz de Haug-eye man.

He'd slip in de kitchen w'en de cook wan't lookin'
An' rummige er roun' in de biscuit pan,
Er grab a piece o' meat dat wuz on de fire cookin'—
Wan't ez zackly hones', de Haug-eye man.

Once de white folks 'cused him o' stealin' o' a shote,
An' I ricolleck da whupped him wid er hemp plow line,
An' in de night he run er way an' jumped er passin' boat,
But da fotch 'im back at mornin' wid his han's tied wid twine.

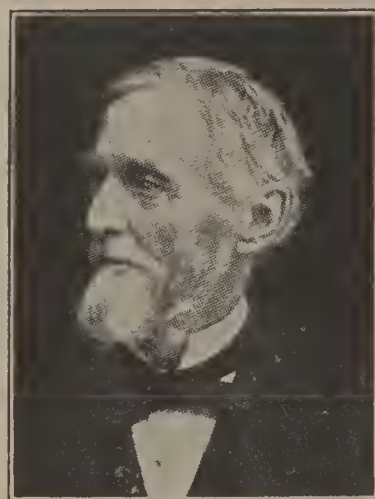
Da gib him twenty lashes an' den da turned him loose,
An' den he poked er bout, he did, fur quite a little spell,
But he got back all his sperets w'en he up an' stole er goose,
An' we'all chillun seød 'im but we want gwine ter tell.

Oh, de Haug-eye man he died laung er go,
 Er w-a-y back yander in de slavery time,
 An' his body is ersleep whar de cottonwoods grow,
 An' his soul it is jedged accordin' to his crime.

Oh, I hope dat de Lawd has furgibben his sins,
 An' I know Mars Jesus ain't denied him er smile,
 Fur he sung ter us chillun, an' er sweet song wins
 In de mussy o' de Saviour, we'n it's sung ter er chile.

JEFFERSON DAVIS
 and ROBERT E. LEE

W. M. Bell, Harry Thurston Peck,
 Mary Sinton Leitch



It is not easy to understand how one great leader of the Confederacy, Robert E. Lee, should have been able to live his post-war days in honor, while another, his chief, President Jefferson Davis, should have suffered execration. Both were men of the highest integrity. Jefferson Davis had been an honored student at West Point, had commanded a regiment of Mississippi volunteers at Buena Vista, where he was popularly credited with turning the tide to victory. Here he suffered the wound that bent his tall frame for life. He was successively a member of Congress, Secretary of War under Pierce, and Senator from Mississippi. He, like Lee, withdrew with his state. He did not seek the presidency of the Confederate States of America, but no man labored more earnestly for the success of the cause, and even the kindly Lincoln did not outdo him in the quality of his mercy. Says William H. Davis, who knew him intimately: "He was one of the most lovable men I ever knew. He was always dignified, calm, and thoroughly well poised. He had an elevated standard of manhood, lofty integrity, and remarkable ability."

Of his imprisonment in chains in Fortress Monroe, W. M. Bell wrote:

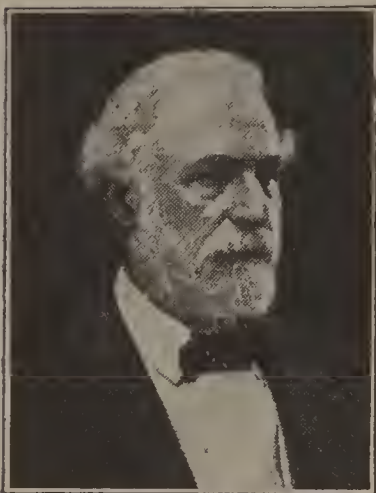
Calm martyr of a noble cause,
 Upon thy form in vain



The Dungeon clanks its cankerous jaws,
 And clasps its cankered chain;
 For thy free spirit walks abroad,
 And every pulse is stirred
 With the old deathless glory thrill,
 Whene'er thy name is heard.

Harry Thurston Peck wrote these tragic lines:

And now he slinks through dark Oblivion's gate
 With this, his epitaph: When others quailed
 He staked his all upon one cast of fate
 And lost—and lived to know that he had failed.



“LEE”

Of Lee, little need be said, so great has been his glory. Mary Sinton Leitch writes of his equestrian statue marked only “Lee” in Richmond:

Here where Virginia's storied river runs
 Down quiet aisles of shadow; where retreat
 Drove the spent hosts through many a ruined street;
 Where broke his weary last grey garrisons,
 He rides unmoving. Not Napoleon's
 Young brow wore victory as he wears defeat.
 No more upon his sorrowing heart shall beat
 Dull tramp of troops or sullen roar of guns.
 For him who made fair flowers of friendship grow
 Out of the dust of envy, wrath and malice,
 Acclaim is empty: for his majesty,
 His strength, his gentleness in overthrow,
 One word holds all our praise as in a chalice—
 All, all our trust, our love, our reverence “Lee”!

“CALL ALL”

Anonymous



This poem, appearing in the Rockingham, Virginia, Register in 1861, rings with the patriotism, the tragic hatreds, and the zeal of the South.

Whoop! the Doodles have broken loose,
Roaring round like the very deuce!
Lice of Egypt, a hungry pack,—
After 'em, boys, and drive 'em back.

Bulldog, terrier, cur, and fice,
Back to the beggardly land of ice;
Worry 'em, bite 'em, scratch and tear
Everybody and everywhere.

Old Kentucky is caved from under,
Tennessee is split asunder,
Alabama awaits attack,
And Georgia bristles up her back.

Old John Brown is dead and gone!
Still his spirit is marching on,—
Lantern-jawed, and legs, my boys,
Long as an ape's from Illinois!

Want a weapon? Gather a brick,
Club or cudgel, or stone or stick;
Anything with a blade or butt,
Anything that can cleave or cut.

Anything heavy, or hard, or keen!
Any sort of a slaying machine!
Anything with a willing mind,
And the steady arm of a man behind.

Want a weapon? Why, capture one!
 Every Doodle has got a gun,
 Belt, and bayonet, bright and new;
 Kill a Doodle, and capture two!

Shoulder to shoulder, son and sire!
 All, call all! to the feast of fire!
 Mother and maiden, and child and slave,
 A common triumph or a single grave.



JEFF DAVIS

Anonymous

A few areas remain in the United States where balladry and folk verse still live. Chief among them are the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas, and here may be heard, even now, many of these narrative and refrain poems once transmitted only by speech. Many of them are built around a "tune."

Here is an old political song of Civil War days. Like many such it has little continuity, but unlike most, it has a vein of humor.

Jeff Davis is a gentleman
 And Lincoln is a fool;
 Jeff Davis rides a milk-white steed,
 Abe Lincoln rides a mule.

Whiskey by the gallon,
 Sugar by the pound;
 A great big bowl to put it in,
 And a spoon to stir it round.

Hitched my horse to the buggy,
 The biggest wheel behind;
 It almost broke my true love's heart
 To see that wheel a-gwine.

It would, wouldn't it?

.....

VIVE LA FRANCE

Charlotte Holmes Crawford



Let diplomats read ere they make war on such a nation! This stirring poem appeared in Scribner's in 1916 when France stood back to the wall and fought to the death.

Franceline rose in the dawning gray,
And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray.
For her man Michel had holiday,
 Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
"If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
 Christ—save France!

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
 Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
 'A son to France.'

"Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we're going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I'll not say where, for fear thou wilt tell,
 Little pigeon of France!

"Six days' leave and a year between!
But what would you have? In six days clean,

Heaven was made," said Franceline,
 "Heaven and France."

She came to the town of the nameless name,
 To the marching troops in the street she came,
 And she held her boy high like a taper flame
 Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and gray with grime,
 Silent they march like a pantomime;
 "But what need of music? My heart beats time—
Vive la France!"

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he?
 "There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
 Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
 Soldier of France?"

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—
 "Yesterday—'t was a splinter of shell—
 And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
 Dying for France."

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
 Like a woman's heart of its last joy robbed,
 As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed:
 "Vive la France!"



THE VICTORY WHICH IS PEACE



Frederick Lawrence Knowles

When the Hand that sprinkles midnight
 With its dust of powdered suns
 Has hushed this tiny tumult
 Of sects, and swords, and guns,

Then hate's last note of discord
 In all God's world shall cease
 In the conquest which is service,
 In the victory which is peace.



From THE
HISTORY OF

TRAGICAL
DR. FAUSTUS



Christopher Marlowe
1564-1593

*This is perhaps the most famous quotation in literature.
Faustus, having sold his soul to Lucifer for four and twenty years of
uninhibited desire, demands of Mephistophilis:*

*Faust. One thing, good servant, let me crave of thee,
To glut the longing of my heart's desire,
That I may have unto my paramour
That heavenly Helen . . .*

*Meph. This or what else thou shalt desire
Shall be performed in twinkling of an eye.
(Enter Helen of Troy)*

Faust:

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies! (kisses her)
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again;
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena. . . .
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!



TO BE TRUE



Abraham Lincoln
1809-1865

I am not bound to win,
But I am bound to be true.
I am not bound to succeed,
But I am bound to live up to the light I have.



ON THE EVE OF WAR

Danske Dandridge

On February 16, 1898, the United States was aroused as never since the attack on Fort Sumter. The United States battleship Maine was in Havana harbor to protect nationals in the rioting that was incident to the rebellion of Cuba against Spain. The Spanish, of course, knew that sympathy for Cuba ran high in the United States, and there had been some violence toward American citizens. Then during the night of Feb. 15 the Maine was blown up with a loss of 266 men. Immediately there was the suspicion and soon the conviction that Spaniards had sunk the ship. The burst of anger that swept over the United States from California to Maine was as intolerant as it was irresponsible.

The cause of the explosion will doubtless always be a mystery. There was not a shred of legal evidence that Spain had been in any way responsible. When thirteen years later the Maine was raised, examined, and towed out to sea and sunk, there was even less evidence that the explosion had been external.

Most poets allowed their emotions full surrender to passion. One wrote:

*But across that hell every shot shall tell
Not a gun can miss its aim:
Not a blow shall fail on the crumbling mail,
And the waves that engulf the slain
Shall sweep the decks of the blackened wrecks,
With a thundering, dread refrain.
"Remember, remember the Maine!"*

Even gentle Edith Thomas could write:

*Cuba free!
So, only, the stain shall be razed—so only,
The great debt be paid.*

But there were poets whose sense of justice could not be prostituted.

Lloyd Mifflin:

*Not till a treachery is proved
His sword the patriot soldier draws;
War is the last alternative—
Be patient till you know the cause.*

*Meanwhile—Half-mast o'er all the land
The verdict wait; your wrath restrain;
Half-mast! for all the gallant band—
The martyrs of the Maine.*

O GOD OF BATTLES

O God of Battles, who art still
The God of Love, the God of Rest,
Subdue thy people's fiery will,
And quell the passions in their breast!
Before we bathe our hands in blood
We lift them to thy Holy Rood.

The waiting nations hold their breath
To catch the dreadful battle-cry
And in the silence as of death
The fateful hours go softly by.
Oh, hear thy people where they pray,
And shrive our souls before the fray!

Before the sun of peace shall set,
We kneel apart a solemn while;
Pity the eyes with sorrow wet,
But pity most the lips that smile.
The night comes fast; we hear afar
The baying of the wolves of war.

Not lightly, oh, not lightly, Lord,
Let this our awful task begin;
Speak from thy throne a warning word
Above the angry factions' din.
If *this* be thy Most Holy will,
Be with us still,—be with us still!



JOHN BROWN'S BODY

Charles S. Hall

At this distant day one thinks of Old John Brown's desperate attempt to start a slave rebellion at Harper's Ferry, October 16, 1859, as the work of a madman, impractical, and futile. Impractical it was, but not futile. It lighted a flame throughout the North. While yet the wounded Old John groaned on his cot awaiting execution, December 2, 1859, a day of mourning throughout the North, Edmund Clarence Steadman wrote:

*Each drop from Old Brown's life veins,
Like the red gore of the dragon,
May spring up a vengeful fury, hissing
Through your slave-worn lands!
And Old John Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
May trouble you more than ever, when
You've nailed his coffin down!*

The war was roaring up. Everywhere there was talk of vengeance, of rebellion. In April, 1861, a "barbershop" quartet of the Second Massachusetts adapted words from a Methodist campmeeting hymn that ended—

*Say, brothers, will you meet us
On Canaan's happy shore?*

into—

*John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave;
His soul goes marching on!*

From that beginning the song seems to have grown spontaneously, although Charles S. Hall, of Charlestown, Mass., is often given credit for the third and fourth verses. The Twelfth Massachusetts swung through the streets of New York City to its stirring rhythm in July, 1861, and its cadence spread to every army camp in the North. The steady beat-beat-beat-beat of its measures became an irresistible mechanism of fate and defeat for southrons.

*John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul goes marching on!*

Chorus

Glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, glory hallelujah!
 Glory, glory hallelujah!
 His soul goes marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
 On the grave of old John Brown!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord!
 His soul is marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
 His soul is marching on!

WASHINGTON

Abraham Lincoln

1809-1865

From a speech by Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, February 22, 1842. This was almost twenty years before he became President.

On that name no eulogy is expected.
 It cannot be.

To add brightness to the sun,
 Or glory to the name of Washington,
 Is alike impossible.

In solemn awe pronounce the name
 And in its naked, deathless splendor
 Leave it shining on.



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe

1819-1910

In December, 1861, Julia Ward Howe and her husband, Samuel Gridley Howe, journeyed to Washington between the watchfires of hundreds of camps as soldiers entrained, or guarded railroad tracks. In Washington they attended what was to have been a review of McClellan's army, but turned out to be a small battle when Southern troops made a demonstration against Washington. On their slow way back she added her clear, powerful soprano to the voices of singing soldiers, chiefly in the song "John Brown's Body."

"Why don't you write some good words for that stirring tune?" asked the Reverend Dr. James Freeman Clarke.

Before daylight next morning she had written the entire "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory of the Coming of the Lord." James T. Fields, editor of the Atlantic Monthly, promptly named the song The Battle Hymn of the Republic, and on publication, February, 1862, it became instantly popular.

The fighting Chaplain McCabe, of the One hundred twenty-second Ohio Volunteer Infantry, taught the song to his men, and when in July, 1863, word leaked into Libby prison, where the captured chaplain then was, that Gettysburg had turned Lee back south, McCabe stood up in the center of the barren room and sang The Battle Hymn, while from the weary prisoners there came back a mighty, "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat:
 Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
 With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
 While God is marching on.

MADAMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

Anonymous



The soldier songs of the World War differ markedly from those of the Civil War. The latter were serious, many of them destined to immortality, while the Great War produced hardly a single song of worth. It would seem that the Civil War, brother against brother, stirred deepest emotions, while the World War was only a kind of tragic joy ride.

The rollicking, devil-may-care, up-and-at-'em spirit of the American dough-boys is illustrated in their most famous song, "Hinky Dinky, Parley Voo." It really originated in England about 1915, but most of the numerous verses, (some of them unprintable) developed with the A.E.F. and have become the hallmark of the America "Over there."

"Parley voo," of course, is the French Parlez-vous, do you speak; but Hinky dinky is a mystery.

O Mademoiselle from gay Paree, parley voo?
 O Mademoiselle from gay Paree, parley voo?
 O Mademoiselle from gay Paree,
 You certainly did play hell with me!
 Hinky dinky parley voo.

O Mademoiselle from Armentières, parley voo?
 O Mademoiselle from Armentières, parley voo?



O Mademoiselle from Armentières,
 She hadn't been kissed for many years,
 Hinky dinky parley voo.

O landlord have you a daughter fair, parley voo?
 O landlord have you a daughter fair, parley voo?
 O landlord have you a daughter fair,
 To wash a soldier's underwear?
 Hinky dinky parley voo.

O Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire, parley voo?
 O Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire, parley voo?
 O Mademoiselle from St. Nazaire,
 She never heard of underwear,
 Hinky dinky parley voo.

The medical corps they held the line, parley voo?
 The medical corps they held the line, parley voo?
 The medical corps they held the line,
 With C. C. pills and iodine,
 Hinky dinky parley voo.

The General got the croix-de-guerre, parley voo?
 The General got the croix-de-guerre, parley voo?
 The General got the croix-de-guerre,
 The son-of-a-gun he wasn't there!
 Hinky dinky parley voo.



MADELON



(American Verse)

The great French marching song, Madelon, had a rousing influence in the World War. The American had his version too. This stanza gives us an insight into the doughboy's pathetic hunger for the company of women.

When Madelon comes tripping by our table,
 We boldly pluck her skirt as she goes by;
 And each of us invents a pretty fable
 To win her favor on the sly.
 Our Madelon is not a surly beauty,
 So when we chuck her chin to lead her on,
 She merely smiles and feels she's done her duty—
 Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.



NURSE EDITH CAVELL

*Two o'clock the morning
of October 12, 1915*

Alice Meynell

1850-1922

English born Edith Louise Cavell was matron of the nurse's training school in Brussels from 1907 to the outbreak of the war, when the hospital was taken over by the Red Cross. She was arrested in 1915, charged with aiding British and Belgian soldiers to escape. Her death at the hands of a German firing squad aroused bitter condemnation, especially in England and America, and aided immeasurably in stiffening the Allied cause. Next to the sinking of the Lusitania, it was the greatest single incident of the war.



To her accustomed eyes
The midnight-morning brought not such a dread
As thrills the chance-awakened head that lies
In trivial sleep on the habitual bed.

'Twas yet some hours ere light;
And many, many, many a break of day
Had she outwatched the dying; but this night
Shortened her vigil was, briefer the way.

By dial of the clock
'Twas the day in the dark above her lonely head.
"This day thou shalt be with Me." Ere the cock
Announced that day she met the Immortal Dead.



THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

1859-1930

The Guards, crack British regiments in the service of the king, ordinarily serve only at home. Some uniforms are showy—scarlet tunic, with blue collars, cuffs, and shoulder straps; blue trousers, and high rounded bearskin caps. Changing guard is one of the colorful daily sights at Buckingham Palace.

There are several famous Guards: Irish (organized in 1902), Welsh (1915), Scots (1707), Coldstream (1670), Grenadier (1815) and Life (1660).

But during the World War a division of these crack troops was sent to France. The Guards came through.

Men of the 21st

Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—

God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,

Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!

Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,

Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,
When our corporal shouted "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front
for the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Praying with tear-wet cheek,
Praying with outstretched hand,
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should *your* cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through!

"Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

.....



THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD

James Hogg

1770-1835

One of the most dramatic stories of history is centered about the young Scotch girl, Flora Macdonald. The Battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746, had ended in the defeat of the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II who had fled the throne of England in 1688. "Prince Charlie" was in hiding on the island of South Uist, with \$150,000 on his head. Visiting there was young Flora Macdonald, who readily consented to help the prince escape. Her stepfather was in command of the troops hunting the prince at the time, and from him Flora got a pass for herself and servant, "Betsey Bourke." Then dressing the prince for the part, they made a perilous passage to the island of Skye, from which Prince Charlie escaped to France.

Flora was soon arrested and taken to prison in the Tower, London. But the fact that she was not of a family in sympathy with the Pretender, nor even of his religion, won her a pardon. She became instantly the most sought after heroine in England. Returning to Scotland, she married Alan Macdonald, son of Sir Alexander Macdonald. Flora and Alan emigrated to America in 1774 and settled in North Carolina. Unfortunately, they were loyalists, and Alan joined a group of Tories, only to suffer defeat at Moore's Creek, February, 1776. Flora and Alan made their way back to Scotland, although Flora was wounded. There she died in 1790, and her shroud was the same sheet in which forty-four years before she had sheltered "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Far over yon hills of the heather sae green,
An' down by the Corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonnie young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e.
She look't at a boat wi' the breezes that swung,
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
An' aye as it lessen'd she sighed an' she sung,
"Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again;
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant an' young,
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

"The moorcock that crows on the brows o' Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;

The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
 Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim;
 The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shores;
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
 But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in his country has he;
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more,
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland an' me!

“The target is torn from the arm of the just,
 The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
 The claymore forever in darkness must rust;
 But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
 The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
 Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue;
 Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud
 When tyranny reveled in blood of the true?
 Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
 The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.”



THE CALL OF THE SCOT

Ruth Guthrie Harding

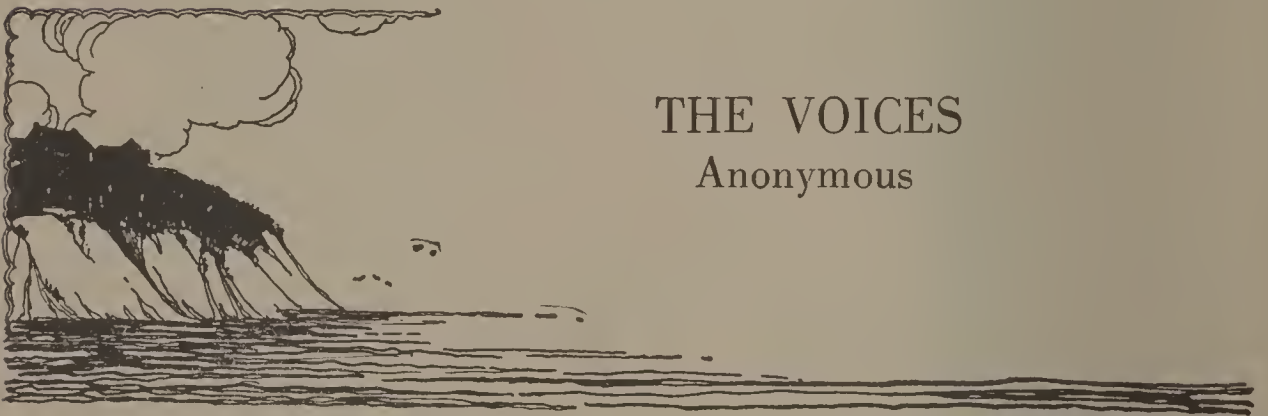
*Loud should Clan-Alpine then
 Ring from her deepest glen,
 “Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!”*

There came an ancient man and slow
 Who piped his way along our street—
 How could the neighbors' children know
 That to her ears 'twas passing sweet?

With smiles they spoke the ragged kilt,
 And jeered the pipes, in mirthful file;
 But, strangely moved, she heard the lilt
 That rallied Carrick and Argyle.

A stroller, playing in the street,
 Half-hearted, weary, out of place—
 But his wild measure stirred her feet,
 My baby with the Gallic face;

She squared her shoulders as she stood
 To watch the piper 'round the turn—
 Nor dreamed what beat within her blood
 Was Robert Bruce and Bannockburn.



THE VOICES

Anonymous

England is but a scant thirty miles across the Channel from Belgium and France. And the monstrous guns of Flanders, from 1914 on through 1918—

*“By day, by night, along the lines their dull boom rings
 And that reverberating roar its challenge brings,
 Not only unto thee, across the narrow sea,
 But from the loneliest vale in the last land’s heart
 The sad eyed watching mother sees her sons depart.”*

Slow breaks the hushed June dawn:
 The pear-soft light
 Strikes from the dew-wet lawn
 Diamonds bright,
 And, out of sight,
 Poised in the limpid blue on quivering wings,
 A lark pours out his soul to God and sings

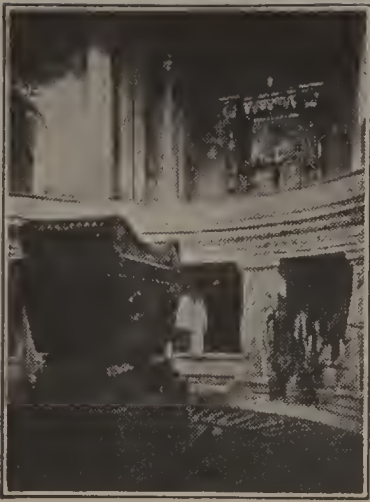


Of hope and faith and love and homely things.
Each dew-kissed rose
Lifts to the ardent sun her velvet lip.
The splendor grows, and every jeweled tip
Flashes a myriad golden, mimic suns.
Then on the stilled air,
Sullen and sinister,
Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

Noon lifts his flaming crown:
Faint in the heat
The blue hills burn, and down
The village street
On laggard feet,
A carter walks beside his sweating team,
Pausing to let them water at the stream.
On the white road the purple shadows dream.
And like a bell
Tolled faint in fairyland, a cuckoo's note
Rings from the dell.
Clad in his emerald coat
Across the dusty road a lizard runs.
Then—through the heat,
With dull menacing beat,
Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

Soft falls the Night's star-hung veil:
In the warm gloom
The roses sigh and fill
With rich perfume
The lighted room,
With wave on wave of incense like a prayer.
The candles burn straight in the windless air,
And there is sound of laughter, free from care.
Softly the light
Falls upon gleaming silver and thin glass
And damask white.
But—as the moments pass
And the talk dies to silence and hushed tones,
With shuddering breath,
Chanting their songs of Death,
Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

.....



THE GRAVE OF NAPOLEON

Robert G. Ingersoll

1833-1899

The three decades following the Civil War were preeminently the era of oratory. Brilliant in these years were Henry W. Grady, Wendell Phillips, and master of them all, Robert G. Ingersoll. He was loved by the people as the spring of social justice. He was admired by all but the most bigoted as the greatest American orator, though he was hated by the clergy as an agnostic, or worse, an infidel.

John A. Logan went one day to call on Ingersoll. While waiting for his host to come into the room, he thumbed through an elegantly bound volume of Voltaire.

"What did this book cost you, Bob?" asked Logan. "That book," was the reply, "cost me the governorship of Illinois."

It was even so.

Ingersoll's oration on the grave of the Emperor Napoleon was not thought of as poetry. It could not have been so considered in those days of rime and meter; but its phrasal rhythm qualifies it easily for modern verse, and few if any orations in any language have equaled its mighty strophes.

A little while ago
I stood at the grave of the old Napoleon.
It is a magnificent sepulchre of gilt and gold,
Fit, almost, for a dead deity.

I gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble
In which rest at last the ashes of this restless man.
I leaned upon the balustrade and thought of all the career
Of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him upon the banks of the Seine
Contemplating suicide.
I saw him quelling the mob in the streets of Paris.
I saw him at the head of the army in Italy.

I saw him cross the bridge of Loda with the tri-color in his hand.
I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids.
I saw him conquer the Alps
And mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags.

I saw him in Russia
Where the infantry of the snow
And the cavalry of the wild blasts
Scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves.

I saw him at Leipsic
In defeat and disaster,
Clutched like a beast,
Banished to Elba.

*I saw him escape and retake an empire
By the magnificent force of his genius.*

I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo,
Where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their
former king;
And I saw him a prisoner on the rock at St. Helena,
With his arms calmly folded behind his back,
Gazing steadfastly out upon the sad and solemn sea.

And I thought of the widows and orphans he had made;
Of all the tears that had been shed for his glory:
Of the only woman who ever loved him,
Torn from his heart
By the ruthless hand of ambition.

And I said

I would rather have been a poor French peasant and worn wooden
shoes:
I would rather have lived in a hut
With the vines growing purple in the amorous kisses of the eve-
ning sun . . .

Yes,

.....

I would rather have been that poor peasant,
 And gone down to the tongueless silence
 Of the dreamless dust,
 Than to have been that imperial impersonation
 Of force and murder
 Known as *Napoleon the Great*.



THE GHOST'S COMPLAINT

Anonymous

(About 1820)

Previous to 1832 there was even in England no law requiring schools of anatomy to hold licenses, and there was, of course, no legal way for these schools to get bodies for experimental purposes. It was also against the law to dissect the human body. But science was on the march, law or not—too often not; for demand bred a new trade—"body snatching," leading to the necessity of having newly made graves watched, and of using iron coffins and grills known as "mortsafes," some of which are still in evidence in Greyfriars churchyard, Edinburgh.

Popular anger against body snatchers, sometimes called resurrectionists, and dissectors amounted to fury. Dr. William Shippen, graduate of the college of New Jersey in 1754, and later of the Edinburgh medical school, was the first in America to lecture on anatomy. His lectures at Philadelphia in 1765 and later, aroused a storm of protest from horrified people who thought dissection against the laws of both God and man.

"The body snatchers! they have come
 And made a snatch at me;
 It's very hard them kind of men
 Won't let a body be!

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
 And think that there I be;
 They haven't left an atom there
 Of my anatomy!"



DEATH OF JESSE JAMES

Anonymous

Writers on the philosophy of humor usually credit Americans with a kindness in their humor—as if they hope thereby to merit charity for themselves. Brooks, in his “As Others See Us,” tells of an English visitor who was victimized by a hanger-on about a California hotel. The Englishman protested to the proprietor: “But he’s just a common thief, is he not?”

“Wal,” said the proprietor, “I wouldn’t exactly call him a thief, though I do usually count my fingers after I shake hands with him.”

This charity is carried over to all under-dogs, right or wrong. Jesse James was a robber, murderer, and in spite of tradition, a “poor sport.” Yet American tradition has made of him a kind of Missouri Robin Hood, and though he richly deserved a bullet, his death at the hand of Robert Ford provoked only contempt. Doubtless it was the manner of the assassination: The two Fords and Jesse were living in a small house in St. Joseph, Missouri in 1882, James under the name of Howard. One hot day Jesse laid aside his coat and his guns, and Bob Ford shot him in the back to gain a ten thousand dollar reward.



How the people held their breath
When they heard of Jesse’s death,
And wondered how he ever came to die;
For the big reward
Little Robert Ford
Shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse left a wife
To mourn him all her life;
The children he left were brave.
'Twas a dirty little coward
Who shot Mr. Howard,
And laid Jesse James in his grave.

It was Robert Ford,
 The dirty little coward;
 I wonder how he does feel,
 For he ate of Jesse's bread
 And slept in Jesse's bed
 And laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse was a man,
 A friend to the poor,
 He never left a friend in pain;
 And with his brother Frank
 He robbed the Chicago bank,
 And stopped the Glendale train.

Jesse went to rest
 With his hand upon his breast,
 He died with a smile on his face;
 He was born one day
 In the county of Clay,
 And came from a solitary race.

Jesse left a wife
 To mourn him all her life;
 The children he left were brave.
 'Twas a dirty little coward,
 Who shot Mr. Howard,
 And laid Jesse James in his grave.



STEAM POWER



Erasmus Darwin

1731-1802

Erasmus was the grandfather of Charles Darwin.

Soon shall thy arm, Unconquered Steam afar
 Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
 Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
 The flying chariot through the fields of air.
 Fair crews triumphant, leaning from above,
 Shall wave their fluttering kerchiefs as they move;
 Or warrior-bands alarm the gaping crowd,
 And armies sink beneath the shadowy cloud.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key

1780-1843



The War of 1812 was going badly for the Americans. The British admirals Ross and Cockburn had captured the Nation's capital and burned both the Capitol and the White House. So suddenly did the enemy come that President Madison and his wife, Dolly, had time only to carry away their most intimate belongings, among them the famous oil painting known as the Stuart Washington.

The city invested, the British fleet sailed northward toward Baltimore. A few miles south of the city was Fort McHenry on a point jutting out between a river and the narrowing bay. The British stood to the attack.

Among the captives aboard the fleet was Dr. Beanes, friend of Francis Scott Key. Armed with proof that Beanes was a non-combatant, Key set out in a small boat under a flag of truce to secure his release. The Admiral was willing, but a battle was imminent, and he refused to let the boat return, though he placed both men aboard the little boat together with a guard.

Spread across the bay in an arc, the British pounded Fort McHenry September 13, 1814, and all through the night. There was no sleep aboard the little boat, and as morning lifted, Key and Beanes strained their eyes to see if the flag was still there. A land attack was attempted but the boats in the river defeated it, killing Admiral Ross. The British then sailed away south, and Key hurried to Baltimore where he finished his song.

That night in a Baltimore theater Ferdinand Durang sang the song amid wild enthusiasm. To Durang goes the honor of being the first to sing the great American national anthem, the Star-Spangled Banner.

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does the Star-Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mist of the deep,
 Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
 What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
 As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
 Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
 In full glory reflected now shines in the stream;
 'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

* * * * *

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
 Between their loved home, and the war's desolation!
 Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
 Praise the power that made and preserved us a nation.
 Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
 And this be our motto, "*In God is our trust!*"
 And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
 O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



A CENTURY
 OF PEACE
 Guy Bilford

The great twin English-speaking North American democracies, Canada and the United States are unanswerable arguments for the democratic form of government. Time was when war raged across the border; but then government had something other than brotherhood and human welfare as its aim. Long live such Border Line!

Three thousand miles of border line!
 One hundred years of peace!
 In all the page of history,
 What parallel to this!



In times when warring nations' thoughts
 Are crazed with hate's hot wine,
 How God must look with pleasure
 Down upon that border line.

Three thousand miles of border line
 Two nations side by side.
 Each strong in common brotherhood
 And Anglo-Saxon pride.
 Yet each the haven and the home
 For all of foreign birth,
 And each the final fusion point—
 The melting pot of earth.

Three thousand miles of border line
 One hundred years of peace!
 In all the page of history,
 What parallel to this!
 God speed that surely dawning day
 That coming hour divine
 When all the nations of the earth
 Shall boast such border line.

THE MESSAGE OF VICTORY

Augusta Webster

1837-1894



*Masters, I have to tell a tale of woe,
 A tale of folly and of wasted life,
 Hope against hope, the bitter dregs of strife,
 Ending where all things end, in death at last.*

--William Morris, The Earthly Paradise

“News to the king, good news for all!”
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.

“News of the battle,” the heralds call,
 “We have won the field; we have taken the town,
 We have beaten the rebels and crushed them down.”
And the dying lie with the dead.

“Who was my bravest?” quoth the king.
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.
 “Whom shall I honor for this great thing?”
 Threescore were best, where none was worst;
 But Walter Wendulph was aye the first.”
And the dying lie with the dead.

“What of my husband?” quoth the bride.
The corn is trodden, the river is red.
 “Comes he tomorrow? how long will he bide?”
 “Put off thy bride-gear, busk thee in black;
 Walter Wendulph will never come back.”
And the dying lie with the dead.



AT MOUNT VERNON

Anonymous

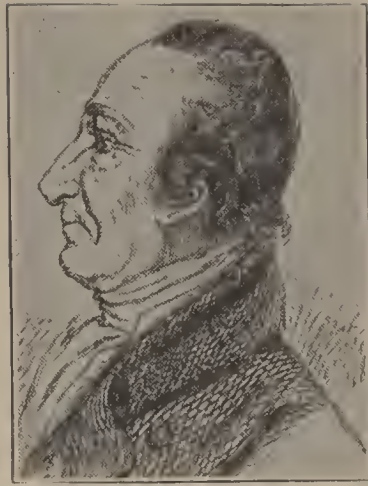
Inscription on the tomb of Washington.

Washington, the brave, the wise, the good,
 Supreme in war, in council, and in Peace,
 Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear,
 Confident without presumption.
 In disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself.
 The hero, the patriot, the Christian.
 The father of nations, the friend of mankind,
 Who, when he had won all, renounced all,
 And sought in the bosom of his family and of nature, retirement.
 And in the hope of religion, immortality.

TOM PAINE and
GEORGE WASHINGTON

Lord Byron

1788-1824



Tom Paine was the friend of Washington and of Franklin. It was the latter who persuaded Paine to leave his English birthright and become an American citizen. It was Tom Paine who wrote the pamphlet "Common Sense," which is generally credited with having prepared the colonial mind for the Declaration of Independence; Washington himself said of it that it worked "a powerful change in the minds of many men." Among its many paragraphs was this:

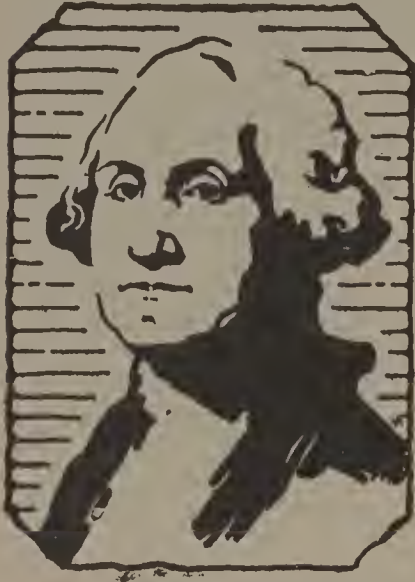
*O ye that love mankind!
Ye that dare oppose not only tyranny, but the tyrant,
Stand forth!
Every spot of the Old World
Is overrun with oppression.
Freedom hath been hunted round the globe.
Asia and Africa have long expelled her;
Europe regards her as a stranger,
And England hath given her warning to depart.
Oh, receive the fugitive,
And prepare, in time,
An asylum for mankind.*

Tom Paine is believed to have been an infidel. Robert Hall called him "a mouse nibbling at the wing of an archangel." In death, it was England that claimed him back, William Cobbett causing the body to be reinterred there in 1839.

Byron, who did not understand Paine's idealism, wrote:

*In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will Cobbett has done well;
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.*

But of Washington he wrote:



WASHINGTON

Where may the wearied eye repose
 When gazing on the Great;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state?
 Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,
 Bequeath the name of Washington,
 To make men blush there was but one!



WELCOME TO MARGARET TUDOR



William Dunbar

1465?-1530?

Henry Tudor (Henry VII) married Elizabeth of York, thus blending the red and the white roses, long opposed in the Wars of the Roses. Their daughter was Margaret Tudor, who in 1503 was married to James IV, king of Scotland. She became the mother of the luckless Mary Queen of Scots.

Margaret's welcome to Scotland, a poem by William Dunbar, remains the most enduring memory of her reign.

Now fayre, fayrest off every fayre,
 Princes most pleasant and preclare,
 The lustiest one alyve that byne,
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene!

Younge tender plant of pulcritud
 Descendyd of Imperyall blode;
 Freshe fragrant floure of fayrehede shene (beauty bright)
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene!

Swet lusty lusum, lady clere, (worthy of love)
 Most myghty kynges dochter dere,
 Borne of a princes most serene,
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene!

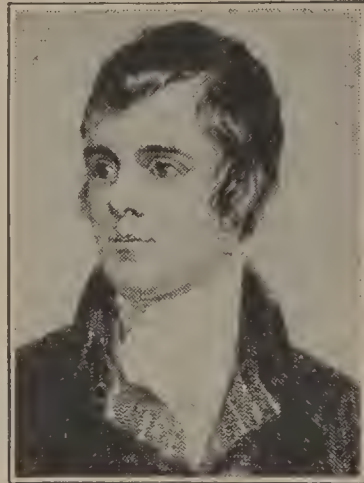


Welcum the Rose bothe rede and whyte,
 Welcum the floure of oure delyte!
 Oure secrete rejoyssing frome the sone beine
 Welcum of Scotland to be Quene;
 Welcum of Scotlande to be Quene.

LAMENT OF
 MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

On the approach of Spring.

Robert Burns
 1759-1796



Mary Queen of Scots has excited the sympathy of the world, though with what justice, there is much of question. Burns' poem has her speak from Fotheringay Castle, England, where in 1568 she had been imprisoned by Queen Elizabeth after fleeing to England from revolt and imprisonment.

At sixteen, she had been married to Francis, dauphin of France, who became king a year later. He lived but two years, dying in 1560. The next year she returned to Scotland. In 1565, her marriage to her cousin, Lord Darnley, a Catholic, enraged the Scots. She bore him a child, James, who in 1603 succeeded Elizabeth to the throne of England as James I, (for whom Jamestown, Virginia, was named). But she seems to have tired of Darnley, and in 1567 he was killed in an explosion in which the Earl of Bothwell is believed to have had a hand. When, three months later, Mary married Bothwell, the revolt began that drove her from the throne.

While in Fotheringay Castle, she had a long code correspondence with a revolutionary named Babington, who was subsequently executed for his part in a plot to assassinate Elizabeth and place Mary on the throne of England; and it was for her alleged part in this that Elizabeth caused her to be executed, February 8, 1587.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree,
 And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out-owre the grassy lea:

Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now laverocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall opprest.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove the sweets amang;
But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonny France,
Where happy I hae been,
Fu' blithely rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign hands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine;
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine!
 God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee:
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me!

Oh! soon, to me, may summer-suns
 Nae mair light up the morn!
 Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn!
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave;
 And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave!

TO THE MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

William Cullen Bryant
 1794-1878

*As martyred Lincoln lay in state, Bryant
 penned these immortal lines.*

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free:
 We bear thee to an honored grave,



Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.



LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

Robert Burns

1759-1796

Culloden field, or Drummossie Moor, is four miles east of Inverness, Scotland. Here April 16, 1746, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, with an army of Englishmen defeated Prince Charles Edward the pretender. For his cruelty after Culloden, Cumberland was named "the butcher."

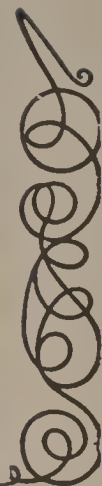
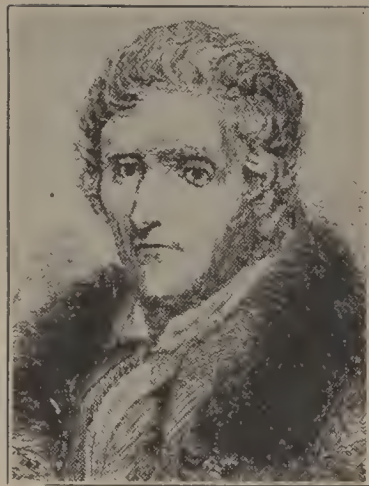
The lovely lass o' Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas!
And aye the saut tear blins her e'e:
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A woefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's e'e!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For many a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.



DANIEL BOONE

Cotton Noe



The first famous Kentuckian speaks from his tomb overlooking the river and the Capitol at Frankfort. I remember my first view of Kentucky's capital. Unaware of its proximity, we were approaching rapidly along the Lexington road out of Louisville—a turn left, a sudden hill, and there below in the black and gold of late afternoon, lay river and city, and in our memories, an etching of permanent beauty.

—Editor

Cotton Noe is poet laureate of Kentucky.

I love Kentucky.
A hundred years her hundred streams
Have poured their waters through my dreams;
A hundred years her blue-grass plains
And wooded hills have been by fanes.
God never made a land
More beautiful than Kentucky.
I loved her when the savage hand
Was wet with blood of pioneer;
The rugged beauty of the river flowing near
My resting place
Still moves me with the joy of ancient days,
And looking out across the space
Of green and blue upon that gem of art,
Kentucky's Capitol, ablaze
In sunset, or in the golden haze
Of autumn, I know the heart
That placed it there did also love
Kentucky.
But there is beauty far above
What any eye
Has ever looked upon in cloud or sky.
O lovers and guardians of Kentucky,

Out yonder is a little child who craves the light;
 Out yonder is a clouded heart that can not see aright
 The rainbow's finest colorings.
 Back yonder is a soul that never sings.
 If you would honor me,
 Who first loved beautiful Kentucky,
 Dispel the darkness of the feud,
 Illume the night of ignorance and servitude,
 Turn on the blazing light of truth that all may see.



MILADY'S FACE

Propertius (c. 100 B.C.) to Milton (1650)

Cosmetics are not new. We know that the Egyptian women loved their lip ointment, and there are implements in the storied strata of Mesopotamia that strongly suggest the art of make-up. Propertius, in his Elegies a full half century before Christ says:

Even now, mad girl, dost ape the painted Briton
 And wanton with foreign dyes upon thy cheek?
 The face is ever best as nature made it;
 Foul shows the Belgian rouge on Roman cheeks.

From earliest time the painted face has been reputed to be the badge of the ancient profession. Ben Jonson (C. 1600 A. D.) puts the matter a bit more adroitly:

Lady, it is to be presumed,
 Though art's hid causes are not found,
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Mahomet thought silk was invented so women could go naked in clothes, and Shakspeare tells a woman that God has given her one face and she makes herself another. In a play Rhodon and Iris, acted in Norwich, England, in 1631, the following is said of fashionable ladies:



(Man, of course, is speaking):

Now of all fashions, she thinks change the best,
 Nor in her weeds alone, is she so nice,
 But rich perfumes she buys at any price;
 Storax and spikenard, she burns in her chamber,
 And daubs herself with musk and amber. . . .
 Waters she hath to make her face to shine,
 Confections, eke, to clarify her skin;
 Lip-salve and cloths of a rich scarlet dye
 She hath, which to her cheeks she doth apply;
 Ointment, wherewith she sprinkles o'er her face
 And lustrifies her beauty's dying grace.

And that old stoic, Milton, in Samson and Agonistes sees women in terms of the British Navy:

But who is this, what thing on sea or land?
 Female of sex it seems,
 That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing
 Like a stately ship
 Of Tarsus, bound for th' isles
 Of Javan or Godier,
 With all her bravery on and tackle trim,
 Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
 Courted by all the winds that hold them play.



LAST WORDS OF JOHN ADAMS



1735-1826

Jefferson still lives!

But Adams was wrong. The date was July 4, 1826, and Jefferson had preceded him in death by three hours.





PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Henry W. Longfellow

1807-1882



Tension in America was moving toward Revolution. During the winter of 1774-5 the British in Boston and the growing bands of Minutemen watched each other ominously, neither willing to be the first to strike. The Americans openly drilled on Boston Common, and it was general knowledge that they were collecting war stores at Concord. Tragedy was felt to impend, and many of the leaders left Boston fearful of transportation to and trial in distant England. Finally the British moved, sending eight hundred men at midnight, April 19, 1775, to take Samuel Adams and John Hancock, most obnoxious of the "rebels," known to be at Metonomy, thence to continue and destroy the stores at Concord.

But Dr. Joseph Warren, later to die at Bunker Hill, guessed their objective, and sent Paul Revere, goldsmith, one of the Tea Party "Indians," and William Dawes to warn Adams and Hancock as well as Colonel Barrett at Concord.

Hurrying past Charleston Neck, Revere was almost captured, but rode for it. Approaching the home of the Reverend Clark, he saw men guarding the sleeping Hancock and Adams. Warned against making a noise, Revere exclaimed, "Noise; there'll soon be plenty of noise! The regulars are coming!" Ten minutes later he joined Dawes and Dr. Prescott, a local physician, and the three set out for Concord, soon separating, the better to warn their countrymen. About half way to Concord, they saw horsemen and in a moment were surrounded. Dr. Prescott leaped a fence and escaped toward Concord, but Revere was captured and taken with the British, who were soon glad to let him go as they came to the spot where was fired the "shot heard round the world." Soon began the retreat known as the Battle of Lexington.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said, “Good night!” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,

The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,

.....

Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And he felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence, and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—

A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore!
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere.



VOLTAIRE

1694-1778

Voltaire—most loved and hated name in literature—was the wit of his time. When someone praised the bust of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre as a speaking likeness, said Voltaire, “Not speaking, or it would have said something silly.”

Though Voltaire did not live to see the French Revolution, it was he who set the stage.

Macaulay wrote of him:

*In very wantonness of childish mirth
 He puffed bastiles, and thrones, and shrines away,
 Insulted heaven, and liberated earth;
 Was it for good or evil? who shall say?*

His real name was François Marie Arouet. And he could pass a compliment on a lady:

Last night in sleep I seemed a king,
 A crown of gold was mine,
 And mine a more delightful thing—
 I loved a maid divine;
 A maid, my darling, like to thee;
 And lo, when sleep had flown
 The best of these he left to me—
 I only lost my throne!



JOE BOWERS

Anonymous

Ballads never spring up in the sunshine of learning. They, like mushrooms, flourish in half light; they rise in a bookless, singing comradeship, and are repeated a million times. "Joe Bowers" was the favorite song of the Western barrooms from old Cheyenne to Red Dog Gulch. In the lonely man's longing for the companionship of men, every cowman and prospector had a brother Ike, and loudly joined his fellows in the brotherhood of Pike.



And doubtless not a few of them had tragic Sallys of their own.

My name it is Joe Bowers; I've got a brother Ike;
I came from old Missouri, yes, all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there and how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mammy, so far away from home.

I once did court a girl there, her name was Sally Sloe
I'd asked her if she'd marry me; she said it was a go.
She said to me, "Joe Bowers, before we hitch for life,
You ought to have a little home to keep your little wife."

"O Sally, my dear Sally, O Sally for your sake,
I'll go to Cal-i-for-ni-ay, and try to make a stake."
Said she to me, "Joe Bowers, you are the chap to win,
Give me a kiss to seal the trade," and I threwed a dozen in.

When I got to this here country, I hadn't nary a red,
I had such lonesome feelings I wished that I was dead.
I made a lucky strike here as the gold itself will tell,
By working for my Sally, the girl I loved so well.

At last I got a letter from my dear brother Ike.
It came from old Missouri, yes, all the way from Pike.
My darling Sally had married a butcher with red head—
And, more than that, the baby's hair was inclined to be red.



THE MARSEILLAISE

Rouget de Lisle

1760-1836

La Marseillaise, most famous of national songs, was born overnight at Strasbourg on the Rhine, in hatred of tyrants and fear of foreign invasion. The French Revolution de jure was past; everywhere the bonnet rouge, symbol of the new-found Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. Those who had lived by privilege were in prison or fled out of France.

But the terror was to come.

The emigrès, partisans of the old order, were gathered in camps upon the borders of France. In sympathy with dethroned Privilege, Austria and Prussia were massing armies at the eastern gate. The Duke of Brunswick, in 1792, issued an ultimatum that was to become the death warrant of a king, an Austrian-born queen, and a hundred thousand lesser, perhaps better, men and women. He threatened that the combined armies of Austria and Prussia would "inflict a memorable vengeance by delivering up the city of Paris to military execution and total annihilation."

Everywhere the excited, furious French rushed to arms. When in late April, 1792, a column of volunteers was about to leave Strasbourg, the mayor, Diedrich, suggested to Rouget de Lisle, captain of engineers, the need of a marching song. Next morning it was ready. First called "Chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin," whole armies learned it in a day. De Lisle, himself, was terrified by the tremendous effect of his composition. "What is this revolutionary hymn sung by bands of brigands who are prowling through France, and with which our name is linked?" wrote his mother.

But it was from Marseilles town that the song reached Paris. Inspired by the revolutionist Barberoux, a band of above six hundred patriots, liberators, and cutthroats marched out of Marseilles to overthrow the shadow throne of the Bourbons in Paris. From Marseilles north they swung in step to the majestic Chant du Rhin. Thus it became the hymn of the Marseillaise, La Marseillaise. Paris heard it and opened her gates.

The terror had come.

No nation with a song like that can ever be conquered.

Ye sons of Freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischiefs breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze:
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe.
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

In the spring of 1916 I attended the Allied Bazaar in Chicago's great Coliseum. At the moment men were dying by platoons before Verdun. Flanked by a crashing military band, dramatic Lucien Muratore, great French tenor, strode upon the balcony, kissed a wounded French-blue veteran, then sang La Marseillaise, while the massed Americans below alternately cheered and wept.—Editor.

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THE CUMBERLAND

Henry W. Longfellow

1807-1882

Word had reached Washington in early '62 that the Confederates were remaking the captured Merrimac into an iron-clad. Work was hurried on the Ericsson Monitor, a low lying iron craft with a revolving turret and two Dahlgren guns.

On the afternoon of March 8, 1862, the Merrimac, now side-ironed and renamed the Virginia, steamed into Hampton Roads where rode two Union ships, the Cumberland and the Congress. Both opened fire, but were astounded to see their heavy shot bounce from her sloping sides. On came the Virginia and drove her iron ram through the Cumberland. Both stood by and pounded each other with heavy guns, but the wounded wooden ship soon went down, flags flying, carrying more than a hundred men. The Virginia then grounded and fired the Congress and called it a day.

A little east is Fortress Monroe, and there lay the wooden Minnesota. Next day, a bright Sunday morning, the Virginia was seen returning to the kill. What must have been Commander Jones' surprise to see emerging from behind the Minnesota, a "Yankee cheesebox on a raft," the Monitor which had come in only the night before. Then followed the first iron-ship duel. "Shoot at her turret!" cried Commander Jones. "As well spit on my hands," replied the gun chief. "She turns too fast." The battle resulted in a draw, but the Federal navy was saved.

At anchor in Hampton Roads we lay,
On board the *Cumberland*, sloop-of-war;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course
To try the force
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
 Silent and sullen, the floating fort;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
 And leaps the terrible death,
 With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle, but send her straight
 Defiance back in a full broadside!
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
 Rebounds our heavier hail
 From each iron scale
On the monster's hide.

“Strike your flag!” the rebel cries,
 In his arrogant old plantation strain.
“Never!” our gallant Morris replies;
 “‘It is better to sink than to yield!’”
 And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of our men.

Then, like a kraken huge and black
 She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the *Cumberland* all a wrack,
 With a sudden shudder of death,
 And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
 Still floated our flag at the mainmast head.
Lord, how beautiful was Thy day!
 Every waft of the air
 Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

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INDEPENDENCE BELL

July 4, 1776

Anonymous

Says Lossing in the Field Book of the Revolution:

It was two o'clock in the afternoon when the final decision was announced by Secretary Thompson to the assembled Congress in Independence Hall. It was a moment of solemn interest; and when the secretary sat down, a deep silence pervaded that august assembly. Thousands of anxious citizens had gathered in the streets of Philadelphia, for it was known that the final decision was to be made that day. From the hour when Congress convened in the morning the old bellman had been in the steeple.

But let the poet tell the story:

There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made the harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”*
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”

*Samuel Adams, Massachusetts.
Roger Sherman, Connecticut.

“Make some way there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle then!
When a nation’s life’s at hazard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside,
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide,
O’er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

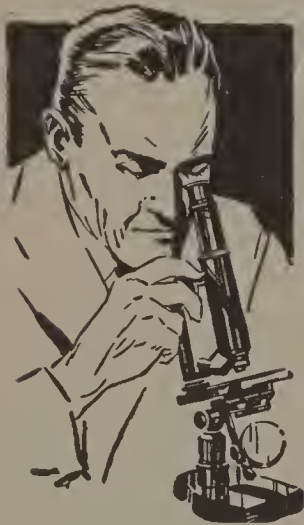
Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people’s swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
“Ring!” he shouts, “Ring! Grandpapa,
Ring! Oh, ring for Liberty!”
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled,
 The calmly gliding Delaware!
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
 Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
 But the spirit is awakened
 Still is living—ever young;
 And when we meet the smiling sunlight
 On the fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out loudly "Independence";
 Which, please God, shall never die!



THE FLY

William Oldys

1696-1761

Modern bacteriology had its beginnings in the experiments and discoveries of Koch and Pasteur in the latter part of the nineteenth century, Oldys antedating them by a century and a half. The fly has lost his welcome.

Busy, curious, thirsty Fly,
 Gently drink, and drink as I;
 Freely welcome to my Cup,
 Couldst thou sip, and sip it up;
 Make the most of life you may,
 Life is short and wears away.



Just alike, both mine and thine,
 Hasten quick to their Decline;
 Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
 Though repeated to threescore;
 Threescore summers when they're gone
 Will appear as short as one.

NIGHT BEFORE WATERLOO

From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*

Lord Byron

1788-1824



It was on March 1, 1815, that Napoleon escaped from his prison-empire of Elba; and it was only March 20 when, at the head of his veterans commanded by Ney, he entered Paris triumphantly. Europe was once more in terror. It was June 15 when his armies moved northward. With Napoleonic suddenness, he struck at Brussels, coming in the night upon the British at Quatre Bras, within sound of gun from the Belgian capital. Says Creasy:

A ball was to be given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels that night (June 17). . . . To hundreds who were assembled at that memorable ball, the news that the enemy was advancing and that the time of battle had come, must have been a fearfully exciting surprise, and the magnificent stanzas of Byron are as true as they are beautiful. . . . One by one the leaders left the ballroom and took their stations at the head of their men, who were pressing forward through the last hours of the short summer night to the arena of anticipated slaughter.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.



A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again,
And all was merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet.—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echoes would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound, the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;

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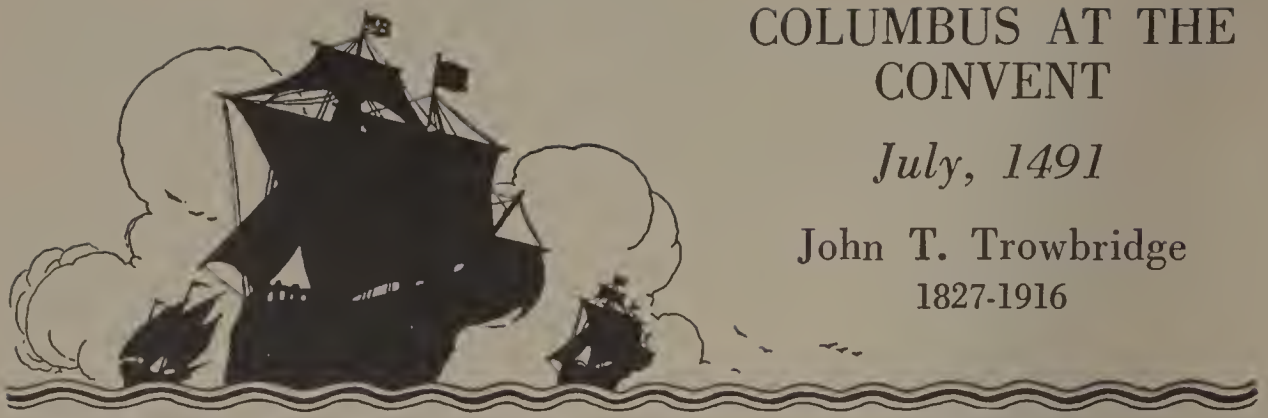
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier e'er the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! They come!
They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's teardrops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living vapor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

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COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT

July, 1491

John T. Trowbridge

1827-1916

Discouraged by his reception at the court, Columbus set out to leave Spain. One evening in July, 1491, a stranger with a boy whom he called Diego, stopped before the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida, near Palos de Moguer, and begged water and bread for the child. The prior, Juan Perez de Marchena, admitted the travellers and grew interested in the brave theories of the father. His appeal to the Spanish throne reopened the case—and led to the most momentous expedition of time aboard the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, Friday (they were not superstitious), October 3, 1492.

Dreary and brown the night comes down,
Gloomy, without a star.
On Palos town the night comes down;
The day departs with a stormy frown;
The sad sea moans afar.

A convent-gate is near; 'tis late;
Ting-ling! the bell they ring.
They ring the bell, they ask for bread—
“Just for my child,” the father said.
Kind hands the bread will bring.

White was his hair, his mien was fair,
His look was calm and great.
The porter ran and called a friar;
The friar made haste and told the prior;
The prior came to the gate.

He took them in, he gave them food;
The traveller's dreams he heard;
And fast the midnight moments flew,
And fast the good man's wonder grew,
And all his heart was stirred.

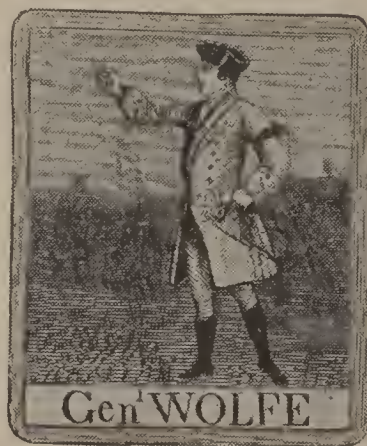
The child the while, with soft, sweet smile,
 Forgetful of all sorrow,
 Lay soundly sleeping in his bed.
 The good man kissed him then, and said:
 "You leave us not to-morrow!

"I pray you rest the convent's guest;
 The child shall be our own—
 A precious care, while you prepare
 Your business with the court, and bear
 Your message to the throne."

And so his guest he comforted.
 O wise, good prior! to you,
 Who cheered the stranger's darkest days,
 And helped him on his way, what praise
 And gratitude are due!

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND

James Wolfe
 1727-1759



The most momentous victory in the history of North America was that of Wolfe at Quebec, September 13, 1759. It determined that the continent should be British dominated. It made the United States possible.

Wolfe decided on a desperate plan. Opposite the fortified side of Quebec was a hill too precipitous, thought French engineers, for assault. Waiting for the tide on September 12, the British went above the landing and floated silently down upon the shore on ebb. Next morning sunrise disclosed them on the heights, and noon saw the defeat of Montcalm. Wolfe and his enemy both lost their lives.

While waiting aboard the warship Sutherland for the turn of the tide, Wolfe wrote this poem. He seems to have had a premonition, for on leaving

Picture from a sign of a tavern owned by General Schuyler.

England he had told his sweetheart, Kathren Lowther, that what he should accomplish would benefit only England. It is said that as they floated down on Quebec, Wolfe quoted Gray's "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," and added, "I should rather have written the Elegy than to take Quebec tomorrow."

How stands the glass around?
 For shame ye take no care, my boys,
 How stands the glass around?
 Let mirth and wine abound,
 The trumpet sound;
 The colors they are flying, boys,
 To fight, kill, or wound,
 May we still be found
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,
 On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
 Should we be melancholy, boys?
 Why, soldiers, why?
 Whose business 'tis to die!
 What, sighing? fie!
 Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
 'Tis he, you or I!
 Cold, hot, wet or dry,
 We're always bound to follow, boys,
 And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
 'Tis but in vain,
 For soldiers to complain:
 Should next campaign
 Send us to him who made us, boys,
 We're free from pain!
 But if we remain,
 A bottle and a kindly landlady
 Cure all again.

LITTLE GIFFEN

Francis Orrery Ticknor

1822-1874



At the battle of Murfreesboro, December 31, 1862, young Isaac Giffen of East Tennessee was terribly wounded. The hospital gladly turned the boy over to Dr. Frances O. Ticknor, who nursed him back to life. But when the call came again, he left and was killed before Atlanta.

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire,
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene
(Eighteenth battle and *he* sixteen)—
Spectre such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen of Tennessee.

“Take him—and welcome!” the surgeons said,
“Little the doctor can help the dead!”
So we took him and brought him where
The balm was sweet on the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with bated breath—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such!
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint in the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die.

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write.
“Dear Mother,” at first of course; and then
“Dear Captain,” inquiring about “the men,”
Captain's answer: “Of eighty and five,
Giffen and I are left alive.”

Word of gloom from the war one day:
 "Johnston's pressed at the front, they say!"
 Little Giffen was up and away;
 A tear—his first—as he bade good-by,
 Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
 "I'll write, if spared!" There was news of the fight;
 But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
 Of the princely knights of the Golden Ring,
 With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
 And the tender legend that trembles here,
 I'd give the best, on his bended knee,
 The whitest soul of my chivalry,
 For Little Giffen of Tennessee.



UNDER THE SHADE OF THE TREES

Margaret Junkin Preston

1820-1897

This poem is on the death of the Confederacy's darling soldier, Thomas J. ("Stonewall") Jackson. Lexington, Virginia, has as its two most famous institutions, Washington and Lee University and Virginia Military Institute. The former, once Washington College, received its full name in honor of General Robert E. Lee, President from the close of the war until his death in 1870. It was from the latter that Professor Thomas J. Jackson resigned to enter the war.

Through a misunderstanding Stonewall Jackson was killed by his own men. After Chancellorsville Jackson and some of his staff made a night sortie to feel out the lines of the enemy. Suddenly coming upon Union patrols, they turned to gallop back to their own lines. Thinking them enemy cavalry,

Jackson's men fired, killing some of the party and breaking the arm of their leader. Amputation was resorted to, but he died eight days later, May 10, 1863, of pneumonia.

His last words were indicative of the earnestness of the man. "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for battle. Tell Major Hawks to advance the commissary train. Let us cross the river and rest in the shade."

What are the thoughts that are stirring his breast?

What is the mystical vision he sees?

—"Let us pass over the river, and rest
Under the shade of the trees."

Has he grown sick of his toils and his tasks?

Sighs the worn spirit for respite or ease?

Is it a moment's cool halt that he asks
Under the shade of the trees?

Is it the gurgle of waters whose flow

Ofttime has come to him, borne on the breeze,

Memory listens to, lapsing so low,

Under the shade of the trees?

Nay—though the rasp of the flesh was so sore,

Faith, that had yearnings far keener than these,

Saw the soft sheen of the Thitherward Shore

Under the shade of the trees;—

Caught the high psalms of ecstatic delight—

Heard the harps harping, like sounding of seas—

Watched earth's assoilèd ones walking in white

Under the shade of the trees.

Oh, was it strange he should pine for release,

Touched to the soul with such transports as these,—

He who so needed the balsam of peace,

Under the shade of the trees?

Yea—it was noblest for him—it was best

(Questioning naught of our Father's decrees),

There to pass over the river and rest

Under the shade of the trees!





SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Thomas Buchanan Read

1822-1872

Famous for forty years was the schoolboy's recitation, Sheridan's Ride. The tale is of the Shenandoah in 1864, when on October 19, General Early attacked the Union army at Cedar Creek. Things were going badly for the Federals, so the story goes, when an orderly awakened Sheridan asleep in a tavern in Winchester. Mounting, he rode out the pike toward Strassburg where he met the retreating Yankees and succeeded in reforming them and returning them to battle. By three o'clock they had repulsed the final Confederate attack under General Emery, and that night they slept in their old camp.

Present in that fight were George Armstrong Custer, who was to die gloriously on the Little Big Horn in far Montana, and Colonel Rutherford Hayes and Major William McKinley, both to be presidents of the United States.

The story is told with much embellishment by Sheridan himself (Personal Memoirs, D. Appleton & Co., 1888), and General Grant tells the tale in his Personal Memoirs, Volume II, p. 339. However, of late, historians have not been kind to the hero. The National Encyclopedia (see Sheridan) asserts that "nothing of the kind appears actually to have happened." Of these facts—

*I could not well make out;
"But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory!"*

Up from the South, at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,

Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down:
And there through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as in eagle flight;
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with the utmost speed.
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprang from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Forboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master,
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire;
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.

.....

With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and the red nostrils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah for horse and man!
 And when their statues are placed on high
 Under the dome of the Union sky,
 The American soldier's Temple of Fame,
 There, with the glorious general's name,
 Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

I THOUGHT HOW ONCE THEOCRITUS HAD SUNG

From *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

1806-1861

One bright May day in 1845, a young man, dressed in the height of propriety, was shown upstairs at 50 Wimpole Street, London, to meet Elizabeth Barrett; and immediately "there was nothing between the knowing and the loving." He was Robert Browning.

It was the beginning of almost a score of wonderful years—a dawn, and then a day for Elizabeth Barrett, to whose natural melancholy, wrought of long illness, the death of her favorite brother, and the unnatural severity of an over-religious father had added despair: "Not Death but Love."

I thought how once Theocritus had sung
 Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
 Who each one in a gracious hand appears
 To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
 And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
 The sweet sad years, the melancholy years,
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,



So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—
 “Guess now who holds thee!” “Death,” I said. But, there,
 The silver answer rang, “Not Death, but Love.”

PROPHECY

From “*I Morgante
 Maggiore*,” 1485

Luigi Pulci
 1431-1487



The spherical form of the earth was accepted by Aristotle and others in the fourth century before Christ, and one of the greatest aids to Columbus before the wise men of Spain was a letter and a map from the scientist Toscanelli (1397-1482). The map showed India west of Spain. “And do not wonder,” said the letter, “at my calling west the parts where the spices are, whereas they are commonly called east, because to persons sailing persistently west those parts will be found by courses on the under side of the earth.” The Roman Seneca, who was contemporaneous with Christ, had said: “There will come after the years have lapsed, cycles wherein Ocean shall loosen the chains of things, and a vast land shall be revealed, and Tiphys shall explore new worlds; nor shall Thule (Norway?) remain ultimate on earth.”

Pulci’s prophecy was made seven years before Columbus sailed.

His bark
 The daring mariner shall urge far o’er
 The Western wave, a smooth and level plain,
 Albeit the earth is fashioned like a wheel.
 Man was in ancient days of grosser mould,
 And Hercules might blush to learn how far
 Beyond the limits he had vainly set
 The dullest sea-boat soon shall wing her way.
 Man shall descry another hemisphere,
 Since to one common centre all things tend.
 So earth, by curious mystery divine

Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
 At our antipodes are cities, states,
 And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
 But see, the sun speeds on his western path
 To glad the nations with expected light.



NEW ENGLAND'S ANNOYANCES

Anonymous

Stevenson in his Poems of American History gives 1630 as the date of the following lines and quotes Griswold in 1854 as calling them "the first verses by a colonist." Stevenson says that this is impossible to prove and reports that they first appeared in the Massachusetts Historical Collection with the statement that they were taken "memoriter in 1785 from the lips of an old lady at the advanced age of 96."

Such a history would tend to indicate that the verses, instead of being the work of "a colonist," are probably early American balladry, and as such are true to the customs of a people.

The word clout (patch), now obsolete, is of the days of Shakspeare and before. Spenser (1552?-1599) tells us of a poor fellow even worse off:

*His garments naught but many ragged clouts,
 With thorns together pinned and patched was.*

New England's annoyances, you that would know them,
 Pray ponder these verses which briefly doth shew them.

The Place where we live is a wilderness Wood,
 Where grass is much wanting that's fruitful and good:
 Our Mountains and Hills and our Vallies below
 Being commonly cover'd with Ice and with Snow;
 And when the North-west Wind with violence blows,
 Then every Man pulls his Cap over his Nose:
 But if any's so hardy and will it withstand,
 He forfeits a Finger, a Foot, or a Hand.

But when the Spring opens, we then take the Hoe,
 And make the Ground ready to plant and to sow;
 Our Corn being planted and Seed being sown,
 The Worms destroy much before it is grown;
 And when it is growing, some spoil there is made
 By Birds and by Squirrels that pluck up the Blade;
 And when it is come to full Corn in the Ear,
 It is often destroy'd by Raccoon and by Deer.

And now do our Garments begin to grow thin,
 And Wool is much wanted to card and to spin;
 If we can get a Garment to cover without,
 Our other In-Garments are Clout upon Clout:
 Our Clothes we brought with us are apt to be torn,
 They need to be clouted soon after they're worn;
 But clouting our Garments they hinder us nothing:
 Clouts double are warmer than single whole Clothing.

If fresh Meat be wanting, to fill up our Dish,
 We have Carrots and Turnips as much as we wish;
 And is there a mind for a delicate Dish,
 We repair to the Clam-banks, and there we catch Fish.
 For Pottage and Puddings, and Custards and Pies,
 Our Pumpkins and Parsnips are common supplies;
 We have Pumpkins at morning, and Pumpkins at noon;
 If it was not for Pumpkins we should be undone.

If Barley be wanting to make into Malt,
 We must be contented, and think it no fault;
 For we can make Liquor to sweeten our Lips
 Of Pumpkins and Parsnips and Walnut-Tree Chips.

* * * * *

Now while some are going let others be coming,
 For while Liquor's boiling it must have a scumming;
 But I will not blame them, for Birds of a Feather,
 By seeking their Fellows, are flocking together.
 But you whom the Lord intends hither to bring,
 Forsake not the Honey for fear of the Sting;
 But bring both a quiet and contented Mind,
 And all needful Blessings you surely will find.



THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

Charles B. Lawler and
James W. Blake

The Sidewalks of New York has rather replaced "*The Old Gray Mare, She Ain't What She Used to Be,*" as the patron song of the Democratic Party. This was especially true when Al Smith was actively in politics.

The Sidewalks of New York is a piece of historical genre—the wooden stoops, the "Ginnie" and his organ, "Ring-a rosie," and the waltz step,—all of the last years of the other century on the sidewalks of New York.

Down in front of Casey's old brown wooden stoop
On a summer's evening we formed a merry group;
Boys and girls together, we would sing and waltz
While the "Ginnie" played the organ
On the sidewalks of New York.

East side, west side, all round the town,
The tots sang "Ring-a-rosie," "London Bridge is falling down";
Boys and girls together, me and Mamie Rorke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey and Little Jimmie Crowe,
With Jakey Krause, the baker, who always had the dough,
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a dude as light as cork,
First picked up the waltz-step
On the sidewalks of New York.

Things have changed since those times,
Some are up in "G,"
Others they are wand'ers, but they all feel just like me.
They'd part with all they've got could they but once more walk
With their best girl and have a twirl
On the sidewalks of New York.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

Theodore O'Hara

1820-1867

Theodore O'Hara, soldier, poet, journalist, served in both the Mexican and Civil Wars. In 1847, Kentucky brought back her dead from Mexico and interred them at Frankfort, the capital. It was in commemoration of this devotional home-coming that O'Hara wrote his famous poem.

After his death in 1867, the legislature of Kentucky returned O'Hara's body from Columbus, Georgia, and bivouacked it, too, with his Mexican comrades at Frankfort.



The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!
No more on life's parade shall meet
The brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
Nor troubled thought of midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dreams alarms,
No braying horn or screaming fife
At dawn to call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,

Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge,—the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are passed;
Nor war's wild notes, nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps the great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Come down the serried foe,
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew the watchword of the day
Was "Victory or death!"

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear is the blood you gave—
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave.
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished year hath flown,
The story how you fell.
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THE MEN OF THE ALAMO

James Jeffrey Roche

1847-1908



In the town of San Antonio was, and is, the Alamo (cottonwood) in a grove of the trees. It had been a fortified church in the Spanish days, and in 1836 became a part of a primitive fortification. Into the Alamo withdrew William B. Travis and Colonel James Bowie, of knife fame, with 156 men, there to await the Mexicans.

The Alamo was invested in the night of March 23. For thirteen days the invaders kept up a cannonade against the old church and its fort-like inclosure. Yet up to the morning of March 6, no casualties had occurred, though Bowie had come down of typhoid-pneumonia and lay near death on his bed in the barracks.

On the morning of March 1, Captain J. W. Smith and 32 Rangers, mostly boys, coming from Gonzales, slashed their way through the beseigers and entered the Alamo never to leave it alive. This brought the defenders to 188 active men. And one of them was Davy Crockett!

Just at light-break on the morning of the 6th, Santa Anna sent his plumed, leather-helmeted thousands against the weakening walls of the Alamo. There was no quarter. Travis fell by a gun on the barracks parapet. The dying Bowie reared to an elbow and fired full in the faces of the men who bayoneted him. The Alamo was a shambles. By nine o'clock but six remained alive—one, David Crockett. They were shot.

To Houston at Gonzales town, ride, Ranger, for your life,
Nor stop to say good-bye today to home, or child, or wife;
But pass the word from ranch to ranch, to every Texan sword,
That fifty hundred Mexicans have crossed the Nueces ford,
With Castrillon and perjured Cos, Sesmá and Almontê,
And Santa Anna ravenous for vengeance and for prey!
They smite the land with fire and sword; the grass shall never grow
Where northward sweeps that locust herd on San Antonio!

Now who will bar the foeman's path, to gain a breathing space,
 Till Houston and his scattered men shall meet him face to face?
 Who holds his life as less than naught when home and honor call,
 And counts the guerdon full and fair for liberty to fall?
 Oh, who but Barrett Travis, the bravest of them all!
 With seven score of riflemen to play the rancher's game,
 And feed a counter-fire to halt the sweeping prairie flame;
 For Bowie of the broken blade is there to cheer them on,
 With Evans of Concepcion, who conquered Castrillon,
 And o'er their heads the Lone Star flag defiant floats on high,
 And no man thinks of yielding, and no man fears to die.

But ere the siege is held a week a cry is heard without,
 A clash of arms, a rifle peal, the Ranger's ringing shout,
 And two-and-thirty beardless boys have bravely hewed their way
 To die with Travis if they must, to conquer if they may.
 Was ever valor held so cheap in Glory's mart before
 In all the days of chivalry, in all the deeds of war?
 But once again the foemen gaze in wonderment and fear
 To see a stranger break their lines and hear the Texans cheer.
 God! how they cheered to welcome him, those spent and starving
 men!

For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an army then.
 The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying drew a breath
 To hail the king of border men, then turned to laugh at death.
 For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous as bold,
 And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its heart of gold,
 His simple creed for word or deed true as the bullet sped,
 And rung the target straight: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead."

And were they right who fought the fight for Texas by his side?
 They questioned not; they faltered not; they only fought and died.
 Who hath an enemy like these, God's mercy slay him straight!—
 A thousand Mexicans lay dead outside the convent gate,
 And half a thousand more must die before the fortress falls,
 And still the tide of war beats high around the leaguered walls.
 At last the bloody breach is won; the weakened lines give way;
 The wolves are swarming in the court; the lions stand at bay.
 The leader meets them at the breach, and wins the soldier's prize;
 A foeman's bosom sheathes his sword when gallant Travis dies.

Now let the victor feast at will until his crest be red—
 We may not know what raptures fill the vulture with the dead.
 Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and hack
 The senseless corse; its hands are cold; they will not strike him
 back.

Let Bowie die, but 'ware the hand that wields his deadly knife;
 Four went to slay, and one comes back, so dear he sells his life.
 And last of all let Crockett fall, too proud to sue for grace,
 So grand in death the butcher dared not look upon his face.

But far in San Jacinto's field the Texan toils are set,
 And Alamo's dread memory the Texan steel shall whet.
 And Fame shall tell their deeds who fell till all the years be run.
 "Thermopylae left one alive—the Alamo left none."



COLOGNE

Samuel Taylor Coleridge

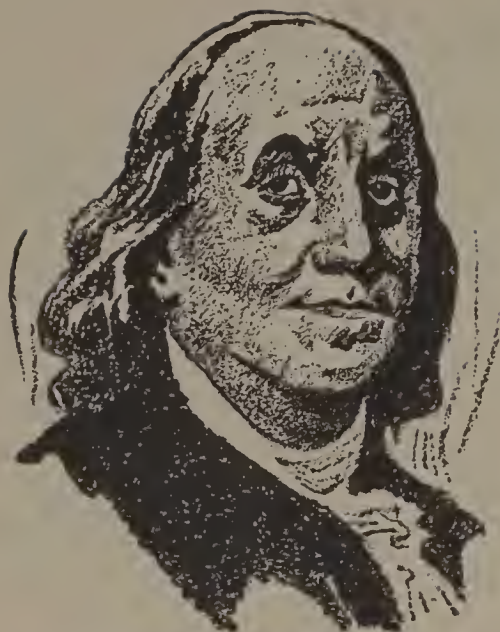
1772-1834



While some ancient cities had open drains of the type of Rome's Cloaca Maxima, there was no city, even in England, with a sewer system prior to 1800. The common call "Stand from under!" when slops were flung upon the street was a necessary and polite reciprocity. The irony is that Coleridge should have chosen a city famous for perfume, eau de Cologne, as the subject of such a critical poem. However, this is not the first nor the last time that perfume has been associated with a condition much better improved by pure water.

In Köln, a town of monks and bones,
 And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
 And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
 I counted two and seventy stenches,
 All well defined, and several stinks!
 Ye Nymphs that reign o'er sewers and sinks,
 The river Rhine, it is well known,
 Doth wash your city of Cologne;
 But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
 Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?





ON THE DEATH OF DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Philip Freneau
1752-1832

This praise of Franklin is not extravagant. To date he is probably the Greatest American—greatest in the most fields.

Philip Freneau was a Princeton roommate of James Madison. He was an ardent patriot and for his zeal spent many months in a British prison ship. During the Revolution he used his poetical talents effectively in the cause of liberty. He may be said to have been the precursor of William Cullen Bryant.

Thus, some tall tree that long hath stood
The glory of its native wood,
By storms destroyed, or length of years,
Demands the tribute of our tears.

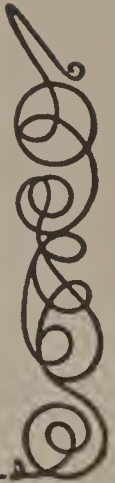
The pile, that took long time to raise,
To dust returns by slow decays:
But, when its destined years are o'er,
We must regret the loss the more.

So long accustomed to your aid
The world laments your exit made;
So long befriended by your art,
Philosopher, 'tis hard to part!—

When monarchs tumble to the ground,
Successors easily are found:
But, matchless Franklin! what a few
Can hope to rival such as you,
Who seized from kings their sceptered pride,
And turned the lightning's darts aside.

SONG OF MARION'S MEN

William Cullen Bryant
1794-1878



When Gates with his army was moving uncertainly about the Carolinas, a group of about twenty ragged men and boys, part of them Negroes, the whole "worse than Falstaff ever saw," presented themselves for service. Gates made a gesture of accepting them and in the moment forgot them. The commander was diminutive Francis Marion. But within a few months this slight, hard-riding cavalry-type rebel had under his command a varying group of men who had become the despair of the British army. Marion's men never encumbered themselves with baggage, but well-mounted, struck at midnight and fled. The exasperated British general Tarleton called him the "Swamp Fox," and the harried Colonel Watson, sent out in 1781 to break up Marion's brigade, barely escaping back to Georgetown, complained that the American would not "stand and fight like a gentleman and a Christian." Aided by others of his kind, among them Sumter the "Carolina gamecock," and "Legion Harry Lee," Marion made the interior of the Carolinas untenable for the British, and rendered their control of the seaport towns unprofitable. He never killed a prisoner or left a hungry enemy.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest round us,
As the seaman knows the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.
Woe to the English soldiery
That little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear:

When, waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From danger and from toil:
We talk the battle over,
And share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldier's cup.
With merry songs we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

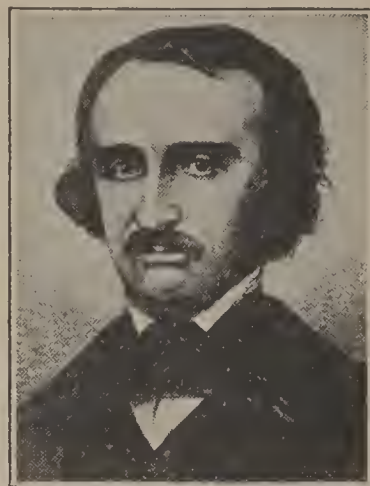
Well knows the fair and friendly moon
The band that Marion leads—
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb
Across the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts the tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp—
A moment—and away
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs,
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers.
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,

With smiles like those of summer,
 And tears like those of spring.
 For them we wear these trusty arms,
 And lay them down no more
 Till we have driven the Briton
 Forever from our shore.

STREETS OF BALTIMORE

Anonymous



Whosever the hand that wrote the Poesque, "Streets of Baltimore," it is certain that he had absorbed the spirit of the master. Poe was dead and could speak, like his Raven, Nevermore. Who could have written The Streets of Baltimore?

In tragedy, the death of Poe is surpassed in American history only by the death of Lincoln. On September 30, Poe had left Richmond with good clothes and in cheerful mien, albeit he was somewhat ill. He had money, and he was going to Baltimore. On October 2, he was found ill and unconscious in a baggage car bound for Philadelphia. How did he get there? No one knows. No one ever will know. He was returned to Baltimore, and there seized upon by a gang of political highbinders who maintained a "coop," a detention place where drunks and bums were held; for it was election and these unfortunates could be thus voted again and again. On October 3, a printer named Walker found him a block from one of these notorious coops and sent a note to Dr. James Snodgrass: "There is a gentleman rather the worse for wear at Ryan's 4th Ward Polls, who goes under the cognomen of Edgar A. Poe, who appears in great distress, and says he is acquainted with you, and I assure you he is in need of immediate assistance."

It was too late. Poe never gained lucidity and died in the Washington Hospital, Baltimore, October 7, 1849.

Woman weak and woman mortal, through the spirit's open portal
 I would read the Punic record of mine earthly being o'er—

I would feel that fire returning which within my soul was burning
 When my star was quenched in darkness, set to rise on earth no
 more,
 When I sank beneath Life's burdens in the streets of Baltimore.

Ah, those memories sore and saddening! Ah, that night of anguish
 maddening!
 When my lone heart suffered shipwreck on a demon-haunted shore—
 When the fiends grew wild with laughter, and the silence following
 after
 Was more awful and appalling than the cannon's deadly roar—
 Than the tramp of mighty armies thro' the streets of Baltimore.

Like a fiery serpent crawling, like a maelstrom madly boiling,
 Did this Phlegethon of fury sweep my shuddering spirit o'er,
 Rushing onward, blindly reeling—tortured by intensest feeling
 Like Prometheus when the vultures to his quivering vitals tore—
 Swift I fled from death and darkness thro' the streets of Baltimore.

No one near to save or love me, no kind face to watch above me,
 Though I hard the sound of footsteps like the waves upon the
 shore—
 Beating—beating—beating—beating—now advancing—now retreat-
 ing
 With a dull and dreary rhythm, with a long, continuous roar—
 Heard the sound of human footsteps in the streets of Baltimore.

There, at length, they found me lying, weak and 'wilderer, sick and
 dying,
 And my shattered wreck of being to a kindly refuge bore;
 But my woe was past enduring, and my soul cast off its mooring,
 Crying as I floated onward, "I am of the earth no more!
 I have forfeited Life's blessings in the streets of Baltimore."

Where wast thou, O Power Eternal, when the fiery fiend infernal
 Beat me with his burning fasces till I sank to rise no more!
 Oh! was all my lifelong error crowded in that night of terror?
 Did my sin find expiation which to judgment went before,
 Summoned to a dread tribunal in the streets of Baltimore?

Nay, with deep, delirious pleasure I had drained my life's full
 measure,
 Till the fatal fiery serpent fed upon my being's core;
 Then, with force and fire volcanic, summoning a strength Titanic
 Did I burst the bonds that bound me—battered down my being's
 door—
 Fled and left my shattered dwelling to the dust of Baltimore.

THE CONCLUSION

Sir Walter Raleigh

1552?-1618



*Sir Walter Raleigh had prospered in the days of Elizabeth of England. His ships brought home the wealth of the Spanish Main. He lived a prince. But her successor, James I, seems to have regarded him with suspicion, and to have given ear to his enemies. He was brought to trial on the impossible charge of plotting against the life of the king, and though not a jot of evidence was presented against him, he was condemned to death. His popularity was such, however, that not even the king dared execute the sentence, though he sent Raleigh to the Tower. There for thirteen years he remained a prisoner, his estates confiscated, his family attainted. In this grim old deathhouse, he wrote his *History of the World*, a notable piece of literature.*

Raleigh was a man of genius, of commanding personality, a splendid figure on the page of England's history. He had the finesse of a courtier, the wisdom of a statesman, and the glamour of a soldier; his death on the gallows on October 29, 1618, can bring only shame to the statutes of English law.

Raleigh showed much promise as a poet. The following lines he wrote on the night before he expected execution.

Even such is Time, that takes in trust
 Our Youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,



When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.



THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW

John Greenleaf Whittier

1807-1892

It was 1847 and the terrible Sepoy rebellion in India was at its height. The British garrison at Cawnpore had been forced to surrender only to meet with treachery that ended when the men were dead. Two hundred women and children, imprisoned in two small rooms, were put to the sword and thrown dead and alive into a dry well. Seventy miles to the north, the British garrison of Lucknow had taken refuge in the residency, where night and day, since the third of May, (it was now September 23, 1847) they had faced death by bullet, cholera, and dysentery. Only the hope that General Havelock could get through, and the certain knowledge that the fate of Cawnpore awaited all, kept the miserable defenders in the fight. About noon on the twenty-third they heard the relief. Then—

“About five o’clock the column of the 78th Highlanders, accompanied by several mounted officers, was seen to turn into the main street . . . up which they charged at a rapid pace, loading, shouting, and firing as they passed along. Once fairly in, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended; and then the garrison’s long-pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers. From every pit, trench, and battery—from behind the sand bags piled on shattered houses—from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer, even from the hospital. Many of the wounded crawled forth to join in the glad shout . . .”

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills;



Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor Border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain.

Dear to the Lowland reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
“Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray today!” the soldier said;
“Tomorrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.”

Oh, they listened, looked and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
“Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
The pipes o' Havelock sound!”

Hushed the wounded man his groaning,
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

.....

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,—
She knew the droning pibroch;
She knew the Campbell's call:
“Hark, hear ye no' MacGregor's,
The grandest o' them all?”

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint, and far beyond the Goomtee,
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's—
“God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!”

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britains dearest,—
The air of Auld Lang Syne!
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums,
Rose that sweet and homelike strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

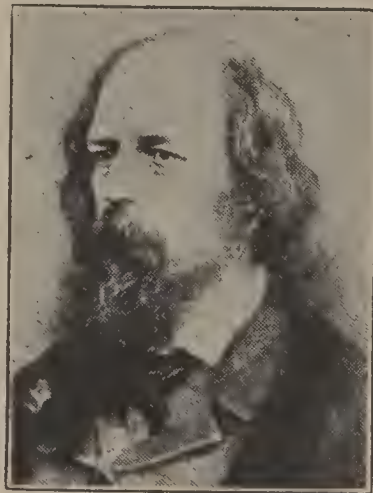
Dear to the corn-land reaper,
And the plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear;

Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
 O'er mountain, glen, and glade;
 But the sweetest of all music
 The pipes of Lucknow played!

A VISION

(From *Locksley Hall*)

Alfred Tennyson
 1809-1892



*Locksley Hall was written in 1886. The Wright brothers flew their frail
 crate at Kittyhawk in 1903, seventeen years later. However, progressive think-
 ers had felt for many years that some day men would fly. It is the accuracy
 of Tennyson's prediction that is surprising. May it be that he will be found
 as accurate in his prediction that some day the battleflags will be furled—
 In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.*

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south wind rushing warm
 With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-
 storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were
 furled

In the parliament of man, the federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
 And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.



LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Felicia Hemans

1793-1835



On August 15, 1620, the Mayflower and the Speedwell stood out from Southampton, England, bound for a new world. But the Speedwell gave trouble and finally had to be abandoned. With one hundred and two passengers aboard, the little Mayflower began on September 6, the most famous western journey, save only that of Columbus.

The landing was made nine weeks later, November 19, 1620, on the wild New England shore.

Mrs. Hemans was English, not American; she was born in Liverpool and died in Dublin.

The breaking waves dashed high
On the stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came:
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why have they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God.



ODE

Henry Timrod

1829-1867

This tender acclaim was sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., in 1867. Timrod himself died within the year.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths today,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!



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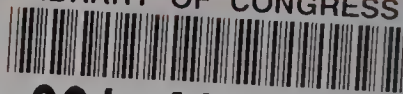
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